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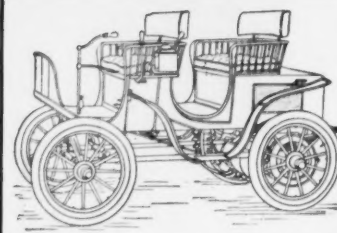
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PICTURE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE

THE SPEED TRIAL OF THE MIGHTY "RETVIZAN"

THE "RETVIZAN," THE NEW FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP BUILT FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT AT THE CRAMPS' SHIPYARD, PHILADELPHIA, MAKING 18½ KNOTS AN HOUR ON HER OFFICIAL SPEED TRIAL, OCT. 17, FROM THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD TO BOSTON HARBOR

A REVIEW OF THE SEASON'S PLAYS

"DON CAESAR DE BAZAN"



THE NEW DRAMATIC SEASON opened with a competition between two rival versions of the old play "Don Cesar de Bazan," presented by William Faversham and J. K. Hackett. Mr. Faversham succeeded in appearing first at the Criterion Theatre, where he began his career as a star under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman. His piece, called "A Royal Rival," and credited to Gerald du Maurier, proved to be almost identical in action with the "Don Cesar de Bazan" long familiar to theatre-goers; the adapter had contented himself with simplifying the dialogue. As the Spanish hero, Mr. Faversham worked against the difficulty of wearing all the marks of a very familiar type of modern Englishman. Nevertheless, he put spirit into his impersonation. He had the support of a fairly good company headed by

Miss Julie Opp. The best acting was done by Mr. Edwin Stevens as the crafty Don José.

Mr. Hackett's production was more ambitious than Mr. Faversham's. Victor Mapes had tried to make the old piece not only more natural in action and dialogue, but ampler in its scope. He succeeded in achieving both purposes, but at the sacrifice of the original terseness and vigor. In spite of its crudities, the old "Don Cesar de Bazan" was more closely woven and effective than "Don Cesar's Return," as the new version was named. Mr. Hackett made a mistake in starting his career as an independent star in opposition to the Theatrical Syndicate with a part requiring unction and humor, qualities not associated with his temperament. Throughout the piece he constantly exploded with laughter without, however, bringing response from his audience. Mr. Hackett made an elaborate production, containing several scenes of distinct beauty, and he surrounded himself with several players of note. Mr. Theodore Roberts gave a brilliant performance of Don José and Mr. Wilton Lackaye, by acting the part of the King as if he despised it, ruined his impersonation.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND"

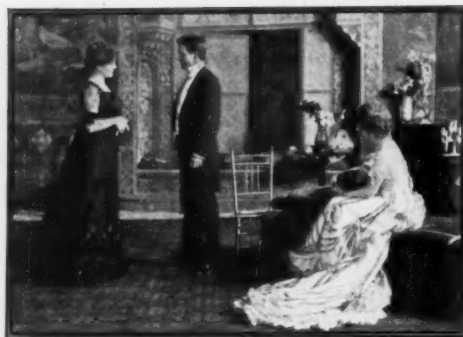
At the Empire Theatre, Mr. John Drew, by his sincere, natural and sympathetic performance of the hero in Captain Marshall's new play, "The Second in Command," retrieved the failure he had made in Richard Carvel. He has never done anything better; perhaps he has never done anything quite so good. Even in the pathetic moments where most actors fail, he kept true. The piece, in spite of being full of twists of silly misunderstandings, at once made a success on account of its wholesome flavor, its piquant characterizations, and its agreeable humor. Like all of Captain Marshall's plays, it possessed the added attractiveness of a picturesque background and of effective military costumes for the men. After Mr. Drew, the greatest success was won by Mr. Guy Standing, who acted with manly directness and a genuine feeling, but somewhat marred by a monotonous delivery. Miss Conquest found favor by her correct though rather colorless performance of the heroine.

"MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY"

The opening of the old Manhattan Theatre derived an uncommon interest from its association with Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who not only presented a new play, "Miranda of the Balcony," but began her career as a New York manageress. The audience at her first performance was astonished by the conversion of the theatre from a shabby, barnlike place into a handsome and comfortable playhouse. In the arrangements, intelligence and taste were shown throughout. Mrs. Fiske had a warm reception and her play received a patient hearing. "Miranda of the Balcony" told a curious story, developed through scenes of tropical beauty; it was literary rather than dramatic, and its final effect upon the audience was one of extreme fatigue. Even Mrs. Fiske's art could not keep her scenes from seeming long-drawn-out. Moreover, the work had the great defect of being enlivened by almost no humor. Mrs. Fiske's impersonation of the heroine lacked variety; but within its limitations it was interesting, forcible, and, in some scenes, remarkably incisive. The company was of superior quality, and the whole performance showed that it had been carefully directed. The piece could not possibly be considered one of the successes of the season, though since its first performance it has attracted many students of the drama. As some one has said, Mrs. Fiske's failures are far more interesting than many other actors' successes.

"RICHARD LOVELACE"—"IF I WERE KING"

At the Garden Theatre Mr. E. H. Sothern resumed work by putting on "Richard Lovelace," a piece by Mr. Laurence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving. This young actor has had several pieces produced in England; thus far, however, without winning any great appreciation. Throughout "Richard Lovelace" could be seen the hand of the player; that is, of the man who constantly places effect before nature or logic. The chief character was what is known in the theatrical profession as "showy part"; it kept the actor bustling and talking, providing in the first act one speech that must have lasted several minutes. The first two of the three acts were mechanical; but they served as preparation for the third act, which in itself was a really strong piece of invention. As the hero, Mr. Sothern was greatly influenced by the quality of the material. That long speech in the first act was far beyond his powers of interpretation, and, instead of lighting it up by delivering it with a variety of expression, he kept in one key, blurring the whole meaning. For a few weeks he acted to comparatively small audiences, and he then presented a new piece of Justin Huntly McCarthy's, called "If I Were King," winning an immediate success. "If I Were King" at once established itself as the best of the more serious romantic dramas presented in this country



MRS. FISKE IN "MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY"



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "A ROYAL RIVAL"



JOHN DREW IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND"



J. H. STODDART IN "THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"



E. H. SOTHERN IN "IF I WERE KING"

during the past five years. It is, indeed, the only work of the kind, with the exception of Captain Marshall's comedy, "The Royal Family," which makes any pretence to follow human nature. The hero of Mr. McCarthy was given the name of Villon, a French poet; but he might have been called anything else. The piece told a vital story full of romance and spirited action, and contained scenes of genuine splendor. As the hero, Mr. Sothern acted with great fervor and he looked extremely handsome. Wherever he failed, it was, as is usual with him, from lack of humor, that quality so important to an actor and so rarely found on the stage. Miss Cecilia Loftus, in playing the heroine, very largely atoned for crudeness of style and for lack of mobility of expression by the earnestness and the simplicity of her acting. If she could not do all she aimed to do, what she aimed to do was always right. A fine performance was given by Miss Suzanne Sheldon in a most trying secondary part.

"THE FOREST LOVERS"—"THE LOVE MATCH"

It was doubtless the craze for the romantic drama that decided Mr. Daniel Frohman to put forward Miss Bertha Gailand in the stage version of Maurice Hewlett's novel, "The Forest Lovers." The play was originally written by Miss Clo Graves, an Englishwoman better known in her own country than here, and revised for Mr. Frohman by Mr. A. E. Lancaster. It was a hazardous experiment, especially when tried in association with an actress so little known. It provided Miss Gailand with a part not unlike that of Rosalind; but it was altogether too dull in theme and too mechanical and commonplace in execution to be popular. Miss Gailand acted with facility and with some effect; but she constantly fell into exaggerations and mannerisms. After a few weeks, however, "The Forest Lovers" gave place to "The Love Match," by Sidney Grundy, which enabled Miss Gailand to appear in a modern part. It left the impression of immaturity and crudeness. It is quite probable, as some one has suggested, that it was an early work of Grundy's produced to meet an emergency. As the heroine, Miss Gailand again showed her strange mixture of sophistication and weakness. She is curiously like Miss Nethersole in temperament and style; from this resemblance she ought to take warning.

"TOM MOORE"

Among the other romantic plays of the early season should be included Mr. Andrew Mack's production of "Tom Moore" by Theodore Burt Sayer, at the Herald Square Theatre. Mr. Mack's promotion from Fourteenth Street and the Academy of Music introduced to Broadway theatregoers an actor of unquestionable talent, of simple, true methods, and of attractive bearing. His piece may be at once dismissed as a rough vehicle for an actor of Irish character parts, with no originality or construction or treatment, and of no historical value. Mr. Mack enlivened it with his songs, sung in an untrained but pleasant tenor voice.

"BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH"

From the romantic dramas it is a relief to turn to even so uneven an example of a character play as "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." This piece was written several years ago by James MacArthur and Tom Hall, from material provided by several stories by Ian MacLaren. It was tried in a few cities and towns, but without sufficient success to secure an opening in New York. After an interval, it was rewritten by Augustus Thomas, and a few months ago it was sent out on the road again. At the Theatre Republic, it won some praise from the critics, though it failed to attract large audiences. It was one of the few really wholesome plays given here in recent years. The theme was old, the dialogue was often dull, and the construction showed inexperience, but the characterizations were fine, and they included one character of exceptional interest—Posty. As the stern old father, who, acting on a misapprehension, drove his daughter from her home, Mr. J. H. Stoddart gave a distinguished example of the old school of acting, sincere and powerful. As Posty, Mr. Reuben Fax did not seem to act; his performance was full of human nature, deliciously humorous, without being in the least exaggerated.

"THE AUCTIONEER"—"THE RED KLOOF"

It is certainly in character work that our artists excel, but of course character-actors have the advantage of working with the best material. Most of our dramatists, in drawing an eccentric character, try to keep close to life; consequently the actors are not tempted to be false. Such a temptation, apparently, never comes to artists like David Warfield and Louis Mann. After years of work in the music-halls, Mr. David Warfield has at last been made a star under the management of David Belasco. It is a pity, however, that his play did not prove to be more worthy of his abilities. "The Auctioneer," written by Charles Klein and Lee Arthur, and presented at the Bijou Theatre, contained a great many preposterous situations, developing a theme that might easily have been made lifelike. Nevertheless, as the old Jewish father, Mr. Warfield gave an interpretation that was in itself worth filling the theatre. Mr. Louis Mann had a little better fortune than Mr. Warfield, in "The Red Kloof," a play of Boer life written by Mr. Paul Potter. But Mr. Potter had a great opportunity and he missed it. He provided for Mr. Mann some effective situations, it is true, but, throughout, the scenes and dialogue rang false. Mr. Mann had the co-operation of his wife, Miss Clara Lipman, who looked pretty and at times acted extremely well, but who could not maintain his standard of sincerity.

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS"

I wish that all actors could go to see Mr. Charles Hawtrey, the English comedian, in "A Message from Mars," written by Mr. Richard Ganthony, a playwright little known in this country. They would receive a lesson in the value of humor. Humor is Mr. Hawtrey's distinctive quality. It not only kept him from making blunders; it gave value to his most insignificant speeches. His piece was a mere bit of delightful whimsicality, full of elementary exaggerations which you accepted because they were so frank. Mr. Hawtrey acted very much as the late Mr. Charles Coghlan played, in an easy, colloquial style and with unflinching intelligence. He has lent brilliancy to a season that has had the crowning distinction of including, in a varied repertory, those two great artists, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, who have been filling the Knickerbocker Theatre. JOHN D. BARRY.

ELLEN TERRY DISCUSSES HER STAGE WORK

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"IMOGEN"

ELLEN TERRY AS "VOLUMNIA"

"PORTIA"



MY FAVORITE CHARACTERS

By ELLEN TERRY



IT IS SOMEWHAT difficult for me to tell about the parts I have played, to single out those I have best loved. To be perfectly frank, I have loved them all. I loved my first little part, Mamilus, in "The Winter's Tale." You see, I belonged to a theatrical family, and it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world to act. I suppose I possessed what people call the instinct for acting. At any rate, when I heard that six little girls, including myself, were to be tried for the part of Mamilus, I thought very little about the matter. When the decision was made I can't recall that I felt the least excited; I simply believed that I could do the work. A similar selection was made when I was chosen to play my second part, Puck, in "Midsummer Night's Dream." So five more little girls were disappointed.

Since that time I have played all kinds of parts. I have been what we call in our stage life a useful actress. What might perhaps be considered my first great chance in life came while I was playing the part of Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing." The actress cast for Beatrice did not make a good impression; and, as I did my best, I presume my part seemed more important. People were very kind and enthusiastic in their praise, and I felt as if I had won my spurs. Ah, that's the great thing in stage-work, to earn a good place by your work. Nowadays we see players who leap to the front at the very start, through favoritism or chance. That, however, does not seem to me really good fortune. Early in my career Charles Reade, the novelist, used to say to me, "Take seven years of good hard work and they will serve as a foundation for you during all your career." So I laid the foundation and the work has brought its rewards. It was, as you may imagine, a great privilege to me to know a man like Charles Reade. He and a few others have been of splendid help to me. I had a great fondness for him. I have in my possession now some delightful letters from him. Oh, I am going to keep them, too, for I have a horror of violating friendship and confidence by publishing private correspondence.

As I have said, I loved my work from the first; I still love it, in spite of its many tasks and trials. And there are trials. Think of the actresses that sink under them! As I go on, acting loses none of its attractiveness, but, in a way, by seeming more important, it does grow harder and more precious. It is a constant battle. I am far more nervous now than I was earlier in my career. The other night when I opened in New York I had a dreadful attack of nervousness. Then, too, the pathos of my part in "Charles the First" affected me emotionally, making my work all the harder, for one must of course keep command over one's self.

But to go back to the consideration of my rôles; I suppose an actress may be expected to like best those characters which she is best fitted to play. Now, I think that I do comedy best; some people say that I appear to best advantage in poetic comedy. At any rate, my deepest love goes out to those parts which have comedy and poetry combined; such parts, for example, as Ophelia and as Iolanthe in "King Renee's Daughter." Iolanthe! There was a part I loved dearly to play. We never gave the piece in this country; but in England it had a

great success. Iolanthe was a blind girl, whose sight was restored. So the character gave me an opportunity to express the most complex emotions. It was full of delicious poetry, too.

But whatever may be the rôle I am working in, I find myself loving it. I love Lady Macbeth, for instance, though that is far removed from my own temperament. Of course, Lady Macbeth cannot be called a sympathetic part; and yet one can't help feeling pity for the poor creature. I should



PHOTOGRAPH BY HUSTED

SIR HENRY IRVING

like to have played Rosalind. That would have suited me; but the opportunity has never occurred. You know, for the greater part of my career I have acted as a member of Sir Henry Irving's company, and I have taken any part that Sir Henry cast me for. I have been willing to take even comparatively small rôles; and, yes, I have taken pleasure in playing those, too. Now you understand what I meant when I called myself a useful actress.

Is it good to be a useful actress? I have some doubts on

the subject. Of course, one appreciates the quality of versatility; but, in the end, is it not better to do the work to which one is naturally suited? It seems to me that it brings by far the best artistic results. There was Burne-Jones, the painter, who died a short time ago. As a small boy, he used to draw beautiful little figures, ideal figures, with poetry in them. He went on, doing always the work he was best fitted to do, only more and more beautifully, to the end.

In this matter I hold quite a different opinion from a critic of my acquaintance. I recall his speaking of a clever young actress, and noting with warm approval her interpretation of a character quite out of the range of parts she liked to play and was temperamentally fitted to play. He seemed to think her achievement finer than a greater success in parts suited to her could be. So it was—from the point of view of the player. But what of the public? Our audiences naturally desire the best results possible on the stage. I myself love to take a part which presents immense difficulties to me, and to overcome them if I can. But I feel sure that I play better those characters that are easier for me. An actress always puts a good deal of herself into the character she is playing, and much depends on the relation of the person she represents.

How interesting the subject of temperament is. You Americans have it. It seems to me you can do anything. Whenever I come to this country I notice the brightness and the hope in the faces I meet. It seems to me that you never lose hope. At any rate, I never see the despairing faces that I notice so often in England. If you have happened to see a performance of "A Message from Mars," which Mr. Hawtrey is now playing in New York, you will know what I mean. Mr. Pateman, who plays the poor drunkard, the inventor, so admirably, reproduces perfectly the look and the voice and the manner of a large class of unfortunate men in England. While I am on my way to my work at the theatre at home, there are actually streets that I can't bear to pass through, the sight of the misery makes me so wretched. I can scarcely act gayety afterward. I am happy to say that I have seen nothing like that here. If your people are not happy, they look as if they soon expected to be.

Talent is, of course, the essential quality in a player. Any one experienced in stage work can easily detect it. Without it, no one should ever think of going on the stage. It would be wicked to encourage the wrong people. So many girls have come to me for help in beginning stage careers. Hundreds of them I have dissuaded, but whenever I find one with talent, I never try to dissuade her. For example, I once had the pleasure of presenting a medal to L. A. for a recitation. I recognized at once her great gifts for the stage. She has now made a splendid success in London in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Once a middle-aged woman without gifts or beauty culled on me and asked for advice. She was at least a hundred and one. She wanted to become an actress. When she had recited I said to her: "No woman past—twenty years of age ought to think of going on the stage unless she has either great beauty or remarkable talent." She went away radiantly happy.



SOME CLEVER ACTRESSES ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

JOHN DREW IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND"—ACT II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK



MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE STAGE

By JULIA MARLOWE



JULIA MARLOWE

DURING the last season or two I have been a good deal impressed by the number of letters which have come to me from avowedly religious people asking how I think the theatre and the church may be brought into closer sympathy. These are written in a vein so wistful and often so ingenuous, that it is impossible to doubt their good faith. In any case, their questions seem to me indicative of the growth of a more tolerant feeling on the part of the stricter church people toward the theatre, and of a desire to know something of the real intentions of an institution and a class which they have in the past been a little apt to condemn without understanding.

Briefly put, their first and most frequent question is, "Is it possible to have a Christian theatre in America?" Following the general line of thought suggested by such an inquiry, I have come to the conclusion that a Christian theatre would not be an unmixed blessing, any more than a Mohammedan or Buddhist theatre would be. The theatre, as an institution which seeks to express in dramatic form the highest artistic and moral truths, is many centuries older than New Testament theology. Long before the term Christian possessed any universal significance, the theatre had attained a strong and beautiful development. In its purity, it has nothing to do with applied religion of any kind or country, save in that its highest office is to reflect truth, goodness and beauty—a function which, of course, is the primal one of religion. In so far and no further does the stage share the functions of religion, and, like religion, it may be debased, distorted, and misinterpreted by faithless and corrupt followers.

I am often asked if it is possible to have a theatre which religious people may consistently attend. I am sure that good people of all creeds must exercise judgment and the faculty of selection in the matter of their theatrical amusements quite as much as they do in their choice of reading. It is obvious that there is a literature for the good, the aspiring, and the pure of heart, just as there is a literature for the

prurient and the evil-minded. By the same token there are loftily written and beautifully acted dramatic productions with which good men and women may beguile and instruct themselves if they will only exercise sensibly the process of selection.

Some of my correspondents demand that they shall be assured that the players whom they are to see shall be men and women of as high standing morally in their profession as similar public entertainers in the field of literature. That takes the discussion into the domain of private morals and life histories. It is not to the point of my argument, so far as its practical aspects are concerned. If we are to rate the productions of writers, painters, sculptors, and players by the standard of their private lives, we shall have to set down as unworthy and immoral many of the fairest and most inspiring creations the human race has achieved. Shakespeare's life was not blameless, nor was Shelley's, Goethe's, Byron's, George Eliot's, or Rousseau's. But on this point I do not care to speak at length, though I wish to add that, on the whole, as high a standard of morals maintains among the players of to-day as is followed by other people engaged in the fields of artistic endeavor.

Sometimes the questions asked by the class of inquirers I have described are very curious. One wished to know whether an actress did not sacrifice her finer nature by permitting "stage" embraces. I do not think that a person inclined to sane and kindly judgments will have any occasion to consider whether an actress sacrifices her modesty by allowing herself to be embraced by a man in order to work out the story of a play. Such a question demands the application of only a fair degree of common-sense to ensure a negative answer.

Is it possible for an actress to portray the life of a fallen woman without degrading herself? This is another question I am frequently asked. I think it demands a hearty "Yes." I have never played such parts myself, but I have profound convictions as to their great ethical and emotional value in the working out of the great problems which are vexing humanity. The writers of the New Testament had both a moral and an artistic perception of the spiritual value of the Magdalen's pitiful story, and they neither scorned nor feared to use such materials. As well might one say that the great

masters of the English stage who have brought the splendor of their genius to bear on the interpretation of the subtle character of Richard III. have taken on the attributes of murderers, traitors, ingrates, and usurpers, or that a Rachel or a Ristori, having depicted many times the terrible heroines of Greek tragedy, became anything other than the sane, powerful, and profoundly intellectual artists which they originally were, irrespective of these rôles.

Serious discussion of such a point would be futile and wearisome, and would only serve to lead into repeated absurdities. Furthermore, it has no real bearing on the only point of importance, which is, how the stage may be made most worthy of the patronage and the encouragement of good people, and how good people may be taught to appreciate and understand what is best in the drama. This can be done only by the education of public taste and by the study of the best dramatic literature in our schools and universities. Thus will be created on the part of the public a demand for the loftiest plays and the most painstaking productions. That demand will be responded to promptly, for the stage is an institution whose well-being rests upon both an artistic and commercial basis.

A point upon which I am in thorough accord with the strictest sectarian is the open Sunday theatre. No one should be compelled to work seven days a week, and players, owing to the emotional strain their work involves, should, of all people, pay strict heed to the commandment which is intended to aid the spiritual, intellectual, and physical growth of all Christendom. If the public could be persuaded to witness fine and reverent performances of the classics on Sunday there might be some excuse for the Sunday theatre; but the public does not seek theatrical diversion of that character on Sunday. Those theatres in the Eastern cities which do open their doors are playhouses of a cheap and often disreputable kind. They offer what is garish and noisy. There is neither instruction nor wholesome amusement to be gained from them. The Greek plays, with their eternal message to mankind, the dramas of Shakespeare, Goethe, and Schiller form no part in the offerings of the Sunday theatre. But, irrespective of all that, it is bad mentally, morally, and physically for anybody to work on Sundays, and one does not need any more ingenious answer to the question.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

MRS. FISKE

ROBERT T. HAINES



MRS. FISKE IN "MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY"—SCENE FROM ACT I

THE DEAN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE AT HOME



"JOE" JEFFERSON TELLING A STORY TO HIS GRANDCHILD

MR. AND MRS. JEFFERSON AND THEIR GRANDCHILDREN

JEFFERSON AS AN ARTIST—POSED BEFORE HIS EASEL



THE TRAINING OF AN ACTOR

By JAMES K. HACKETT



JAMES K. HACKETT

IT IS RELATED that the great English actor, Macready, at the close of his professional career, planned to found a school where stage aspirants should be taught the art of acting from its elements to its ornaments, so to speak. After mature reflection, however, he decided to abandon the project as an impossibility. From time to time, other eminent actors have given advice on the subject, and I believe the substance of a personal letter from the late Edwin Booth to a young friend of mine was, "Don't go on the stage at all." Therefore, the appearance of a player of comparative inexperience as a writer upon a topic which has taxed the minds and patience of the foremost men of our profession may be considered presumptuous; but then it is said that "the grain knows where the upper and nether millstones bind." So, having been through the mill so recently myself, I may be pardoned for adding my mite of experience to the discussion.

Conditions of stage life have changed greatly since Macready's, and even since Booth's, time. Then the accepted course of stage-training was to begin in the humble capacity of "general utility" in one of the permanent stock companies and work up by slow degrees to a position of responsibility or prominence. Sometimes it took years before a young man was intrusted with a part, and he was usually middle-aged before he began to play leading business. My father, James Henry Hackett, was one of the first American players to break this tradition, stepping directly from mercantile life to the stage, and playing one of the Dromios with pronounced success during the first month of his engagement at the old Park Theatre, in New York. But his case was one of the exceptions. In those days it was the travelling stars who, through the local stage managers, dictated the details of the performance; but the young actor, through association with the best actors of the day, was enabled to learn much from observation of their methods.

The boast of the old stock system was that it made versatile actors. But this is a day of specialists, upon the stage as in other professions, and versatility is almost a curse. It is the

artist who paints a little, but paints that little better than any one else in his line, who wins fame—and, what is more practical, engagements. Stock experience is to the player what the study of perspective, speaking broadly, is to the painter: it is the groundwork of all his art; but it does not teach character-development, coloring, and all the delicate details which give individuality and distinction to each man's work. These are matters that must be studied out and developed at leisure impossible in the stock-company. The best that it can do for the young actor is to ground him in the mechanics of his profession or in the "business," and give him a general idea and a rough grasp of the tricks of the trade. But, prolonged too far, such training is liable to make him slipshod, superficial and careless—a "lightning sketch artist," as compared with the masters of light and shade, of character-coloring, and those delicate details which give verisimilitude to an impersonation. I do not mean to disparage some of the excellent organizations which are serving as the primary schools for many worthy young players; but I have been through the grind of "two changes of bill a week"—and bills new to us all, at that—and know whereof I speak.

The fact that an actor has played many parts, most of them hurriedly and under such explicit direction from the stage-manager that he is, for the most part, merely a speaking automaton, does not make him a desirable member of an organization where each one is supposed to build out and develop the part assigned him in an original manner. If the beginner happens to be under a good stage-manager, he will learn many things of value; if the stage-manager be incompetent or slipshod, he will acquire more bad habits than he can get rid of in thrice the time. In either case he is hardly qualified to create a new part in an original way, which is, after all, the test of an artist. Therefore, I maintain that the stock-company does not solve satisfactorily the problem of how an actor shall best be trained.

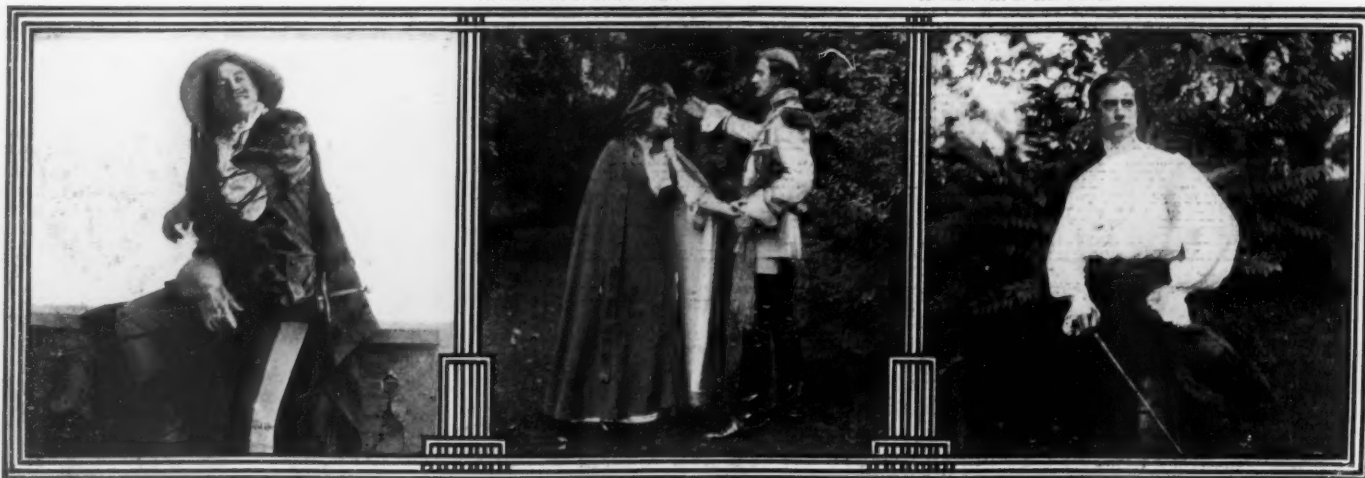
The other recourse for the stage aspirant is the dramatic school. That there are some excellent schools of acting is proved by the capable players they turn out every now and then; but the scope of most of these institutions is limited by pecuniary necessities. They are obliged to make the enterprise pay, and on this account are unavailable for many young people with more dramatic ability than money. The alternative for such is to secure a position as "extra" in some travelling company, and, by close application, constant

study, and the ability to improve every opportunity, advance by slow degrees to speaking parts and positions of responsibility.

The time is coming when, with the improved conditions of the stage and its constantly increasing clientele, more attention must be paid to the training of the actor. For some time the subject of a subsidized theatre has been agitated, and there seems to be a hope that such an institution will eventually be endowed by some philanthropist, if not guaranteed by the government. But more important, in my mind, is a College of Acting, either in connection with the state theatre, or on an independent basis. Such an institution, suitably endowed and relieved from financial necessities, could offer to worthy applicants, whether possessed of pecuniary resources or not, provided they could demonstrate their calling to the stage, the best of education in all branches of dramatic art. Most of the great colleges and universities of this country have reduced tuition fees to a merely nominal sum, while free scholarships are abundant. There are endowed schools of all the other arts. Why not of acting?

The ideal institution would teach not only the art but the history and traditions of the drama, which could only serve to make the player prouder of his profession and more jealous of its honor. The allied aesthetic arts, which enter so largely into modern stage productions, would find places in the curriculum of such a college, whose chief lecture-room, nevertheless, should be a complete working stage, where actual rehearsals and performances, under the direction of capable teachers, would give practical training to the young player, and fit him to step from the school into an assured position upon the professional stage. The educated actor should be familiar with every adjunct of his profession: the history of costumes, the science of stagecraft, and the various mechanical adjuncts of the theatre.

To build an endowed theatre without such a college—or, one might even say, university—would be to start a structure without a foundation, since the very idea of a state theatre presupposes a class of specially trained and educated players. God grant that some philanthropist may found such an institution, and the national theatre will grow from it as a natural result—increasing the art, the knowledge, the refinement of the stage, and, above all, giving artistic and scholastic recognition to a much-misjudged art, and placing the actor in his proper position, which should be the most respected in the world of arts and letters.



JAMES K. HACKETT IN "DON CAESAR'S RETURN"

JAMES K. HACKETT AS "RUPERT OF HENTZAU," AND MARY MANNING AS "JANICE MEREDITH"—A POSED PICTURE

JAMES K. HACKETT IN "THE PRIDE OF JENNICO"

E. H. SOTHERN IN "IF I WERE KING"



CECILIA LOFTUS AND E. H. SOTHERN IN THE LAST ACT OF JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY'S SUCCESSFUL PLAY, "IF I WERE KING"



AMERICAN ACTORS IN ENGLAND

By CHARLES HAWTREY



THERE IS a very marked difference between English and American audiences. It strikes a stranger on his first visit to New York, and to the theatres and music-halls here, with greater force than it probably would after a stay of some time. It is a difference of temperament. One's preconceived idea of the American temperament is that it is essentially quick, shrewd, but cold and unemotional. A visit to a theatre or music-hall proves this view to be entirely erroneous. The American temperament, gauged by observation of the demeanor of an audience at any of the places of amusement in New York, is curiously emotional. And if this be true of the Northerner, it is probably equally true of the people of the Southern States.

As a consequence of this temperamental difference, a New York audience is not so self-contained, and, perhaps, more tolerant, than the public on the other side. The people of New York are essentially theatregoers, and, as a week of theatre-going seems to show me, very catholic in their tastes. Any form of entertainment—drama, farce, musical comedy or vaudeville—they will patronize all so long as they are amused or interested. The public of New York pour into the theatre or music-hall when the doors open and take their seats entirely sympathetic and receptive, ready to be amused if possible, to admit what is good, and to forgive what is not. They are not "extreme to mark what is done amiss."

AN ENGLISH AUDIENCE

An English audience enters the theatre in London with an open mind, but with feelings and sympathies under severe control; not ready to be amused unless their critical sense be also satisfied; not prepared to accept fragmentary entertainment, nor to forgive a play which is bad as a whole for the sake of some moments of inspiration on the part of author and artists. The play must satisfy their sense of the fitness of things—dramatically—whether it be drama, farce, or vaudeville. The sense of humor is possibly more subtle in an American than in an English audience, but the essential difference between the two publics lies in the readier response of an American audience, and their eagerness to enjoy the entertainment put before them, which eagerness may possibly rob them, in some measure, of the critical sense.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the London public has extended a generous welcome to all those American actors who have visited our country, and, to those who have brought with them good plays and adequate support, a very hearty and consistent patronage. Where a popular favorite in this country has failed to meet with the appreciation he, very naturally, expected to receive from the English public, the reason has not been far to seek. He has taken over with him a play which has failed to attract. It has been not his failure but the play's.

The taste in plays, on account of that difference in temperament about which I have spoken, is very different on the two sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Gillette made his first appearance in London in "Secret Service," and both play and actor made an instantaneous and overwhelming success. The public liked him and liked his play. He next appeared in a farce, "Too Much Johnson." He did not receive the same support. It was not owing to any fickleness on the part of the public who had supported him in "Secret Service," but because they did not care for the play.

FARCE WRITING

The methods of farce-writing and farce-acting are somewhat different in the two countries. There is a great deal of the "vaudeville" element and "go-as-you-please" style of entertainment in American farce. It is rather extravagant than farce. In England, the public want some basis of probability, some consistency of dialogue and action in a play of this character. The situations must arise naturally out of motives and misunderstandings, which, however farcical, are at least possible and do not entail too great a strain on their intelligence and common-sense. They will not accept a chain of incidents, however funny in themselves, which have no basis of reality, or even of probability, to sustain them. They want a consistent, intelligible story even in a farce.

Mr. N. C. Goodwin, I venture to say, is as much admired in London as in America. Yet Mr. Goodwin failed to meet with success in two plays he took over. The public liked him, but they did not like his plays. Now he is meeting with the success he deserves because the public like Mr. Goodwin's work, and he has the opportunity for the display of his undoubted talent in a production worthy of his powers.

"The Belle of New York" achieved an almost phenomenal success in London. It was the first of the American musical farces to visit London. Its atmosphere and methods were new to us; they had the charm of novelty; the chorus was immeasurably superior in dancing, singing, and acting to

those of our own musical plays. The comedians were quaint and fresh in their style and methods. It was something unexpected, breezy, delightful in its crisp, "snappy," American way. Hence its great success.

It was followed by many others of its kind. Mostly they were incoherent farragos of song and dance. The English public tired of them. But it was again the plays and not the actors that they tired of. Mr. De Wolf Hopper in "El Capitán" delighted all London.

AMERICAN ACTORS ABROAD

I think that one may say that the English public will always extend to the American actor the same courtesy and goodwill which the American public has extended in such large measure to our actors. I think the goodwill is mutual and in both countries there is a desire to welcome any kind of histrionic talent from the other side. And that is as it should be: there can be no jealousy in matters of art, no "protection," but the "free trade" which makes for a healthy and vigorous artistic life and a frank welcome in either country of what is the best art of both. There should be "reciprocity" in art, if not in commerce, between two great countries speaking one language and united by many and strong bonds of kinship and kindly feeling.

Of the art of the American actor I am unable to speak with the intimate knowledge which alone would give my opinion any true value. My profession is, in itself, a great bar to a wide acquaintance with the American stage and the American actor. This is my first visit to your country, and my own work on the stage must, of necessity, prevent my seeing as much of the work of your native playwrights and actors as I could wish. That you have playwrights and actors of very great and undoubted talent I know, and I have received very great pleasure from my few visits to your theatres. And some of your leading actors I have had the pleasure of seeing in London.












I think it is a question whether the production here of so many of our London successes, with your actors repeating a performance, instead of creating a part, is not putting a limitation to their artistic progress which is as bad for the artist as it is profitable to the gentleman "presenting" him. I think it would be better for the dramatic art of your country if some encouragement were given to your new playwrights and your actors were permitted to "present" themselves in home-made plays in which they "created" and not imitated the leading rôles. But this is one of the drawbacks to the "running" of theatres on a purely commercial basis.



VIRGINIA HARNED AS "OPHELIA"

JULIE OPP AND WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "A ROYAL RIVAL"

CECILIA LOFTUS IN "RICHARD LOVELACE"

				
CHARLES RICHMAN THE NEW LEADING MAN AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE	ARTHUR BYRON NOW STARRING IN "PETT- COATS AND BAYONETS"		MRS. G. H. GILBERT WITH ANNE RUSSELL IN "THE ROYAL FAMILY"	VINCENT SERRANO WITH ELSIE DE WOLFE IN "THE WAY OF THE WORLD"
				
HENRY MILLER IN HIS NEW PLAY, "D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS"	OLGA NETHERSOLE WHO HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY ILL IN ENGLAND		VIOLA ALLEN NOW TOURING "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING"	WILLIAM GILLETTE NOW PLAYING "SHERLOCK HOLMES" IN LONDON
				
ANDREW MACK AS "TOM MOORE"	OLIVE MAY IN "ARIZONA"	RICHARD MANSFIELD	MRS. CHAS. WALCOTT IN "THE LOVE MATCH"	WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS "DON CESAR"

AN ENDOWED THEATRE

By CLYDE FITCH

AN ENDOWED THEATRE would be a good thing if you could get the man to endow it. I am enthusiastically in favor of it; but, to be frank, it seems to me impracticable. In the first place, who would endow it? Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been most delicately and indelicately hinted at. I have seen large pictures of Mr. Carnegie exploited over the words "An Endowed Theatre"; but, so far as I can make out, Mr. Carnegie has said nothing. He seems to be in hiding, and his castle in Scotland stands unshaken.

Let us assume that we could have such a theatre in America. Where would we get any person, or set of persons, who could and would run it? There are, of course, plenty of those people who pose as being intelligent, and clever and literary, and who are in consequence fatuous and self-satisfied; but they could not run a theatre. Because a man edits a magazine and because a woman writes a novel, or because some other woman is interested in the question of helping women in journalistic or other careers, it does not follow that they know anything about the drama.

That is the trouble with all efforts that have been made in America to establish an independent theatre: they are all run by the wrong people. To conduct such an enterprise requires an enormous amount of tact and skill and power. In France, they carefully train people for careers

in the theatre, and they have the Français, an endowed theatre that has been running for many generations, and all classes of French people take an interest in the theatre and go to see plays; yet there are only about three men in France to-day who are brilliant managers. Moreover, the Français, in spite of the management of a great man like Claretie, has fallen into a rut, has been run according to old methods. Only lately they have called Carré over from the Opéra Comique to the Français, on account of the extraordinary skill he has shown in the mounting of his productions. So, you see how difficult it is even for France to maintain a great institution of the drama.

In an endowed theatre in this country, I presume the plan would be to put on good plays and have them well acted, not simply to put on literary plays. A good play is always to be desired whether it is literary or not. You may remember the attempts to run such a theatre in America a few years ago. It started under splendid auspices; it had also a good deal of money. And what did the directors do? One of the first things they did was to put on a five-act play by a writer of one-act stories. The attitude they took was distinctly literary. To be able to write stories for the magazines was taken as an evidence that one could write a play. As a consequence the new enterprise didn't give as good plays as the most commercial managers had been doing.

To make an endowed theatre really useful you must have a man, or a committee, perhaps of both women and men, and it can't be a big committee, because with a big committee nothing could ever be accomplished. The time would be wasted in contention. Say a committee of three persons, because two would not do. But how are you going to get men and women of ability to serve? Think of the respon-

sibility! Every time they produced a play that had no dramatic quality they would give the drama in America a slap in the face. Now where will you find people who can guarantee that the plays produced will be good ones?

There are certainly some right-minded people in this country. Whether the theatre would get into their hands is another thing. If the charge were given them, would they have sufficient patriotism to accept it? It is exactly like the question of politics in our country; a great many of our best men have kept out of politics because they are not willing to go through the work and unselfishness and to fight with all their might and main to keep their souls and bodies clean, and keep the same high ideals they have ahead of them.

The man who should run a theatre would, no doubt, have to face all kinds of opposition. The namby-pamby would want him to produce one kind of play; the literary, the clever, the charming people would want something else.

No layman understands the enormous work of running any theatre. There is the work behind the scenes; then there is the business of advertising a theatrical production, enormous; the business office, enormous; the front of the theatre, enormous. Some one would have to sacrifice his time and everything else and choose plays and bear up against mistakes. It would require an enormous amount of sacrifice and devotion. Naturally the manager should be paid, as we pay our Congressmen. Even then they would have to do an enormous amount of work for an inadequate pecuniary reward.

You see I have been writing about the endowed theatre as if it were possible. Well, perhaps it is possible; but, I fear, as I said at the start, that it would not work, or at least, that you can't get the right people to work it. But what an attractive ideal it is!



SCENE FROM "THE LITTLE DUCHESS" AT THE CASINO—ANNA HELD IN THE TITLE ROLE



KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

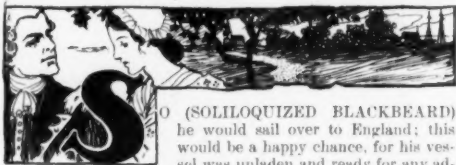
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, enlists a crew of ruffians, puts to sea, and announces to his men that henceforth all are pirates. Kate Bonnet, the Major's daughter, was to have sailed with him, but suspecting the character of the sailors, she escapes to land, where, on account of her stepmother's unfriendliness, she is cared for by Dame Charter, who, with her son Dickory, accompanies Kate to Jamaica, where all are taken to live with Kate's uncle, Delaplaine. Dickory sails back to Barbadoes for news of Bonnet. Meanwhile Pirate Bonnet has taken and destroyed so many ships that H.M.S. "Badger," Captain Vince, is despatched to capture him. While fitting in Jamaica, Captain Vince falls in love with Kate and offers

to spare her father for her sake. She spurns his advances, and he sets out on his mission. The ship carrying Dickory to Barbadoes is captured by Pirate Bonnet, but set free again after taking off Dickory. Bonnet puts into Balize, Honduras, the rendezvous of pirates, and there meets the infamous Blackbeard, who robs him of his ships and sets him ashore. The news that Bonnet has quit piracy for mercantile pursuits reaches Kate and she sails in a sloop from Jamaica for Balize to find her father. Blackbeard puts to sea in Bonnet's ship, taking Dickory as his lieutenant. The idea of making Dickory marry his daughter takes possession of him, and, in the sanctity of his cabin, he weighs the matter in his mind and maps out all the details of the scheme.

CHAPTER XXI—(Continued) A PROJECTED MARRIAGE



WHEN (SOLIQUIZED BLACKBEARD) he would sail over to England; this would be a happy chance, for his vessel was unladen and ready for any adventure. He would drop anchor in the quiet cove he knew of; he would go ashore by night; he would be at home again. To be at home again made him shout with profane laughter—the little home he remembered would be so ridiculous to him now. He would see again his poor little trembling wife—she must be gray by now—and he was sure that she would tremble more than ever she did when she heard the great sea oaths which he was accustomed to pour forth now. And his daughter, she must be a strapping wench by this time; he was sure she could stand a slap on the back which would kill her mother.

Yes, there should be a wedding, a fine wedding, and good old rum should water the earth. And he would detail a boat's crew of jolly good fellows from the *Revenge* to help make things uproarious. This Charter boy and Eliza should have a house of their own with plenty of money—he had more funds in hand than ever in his life before—and his respectable son-in-law should go to London and deposit his fortune in a bank. It would be royal fun to think of him and Eliza highly respectable and with money in the bank. A quart of the best rum could scarcely have made Blackbeard more hilarious than did this glorious notion. He danced among his crew; he singed beards; he whacked with capstan bars; he pushed men down hatchways; he was in lordly spirits and his crew expected some great adventure, some startling piece of devilry.

Of course, he did not keep his great design from Dickory; it was too glorious, too transcendent. He took his young admiral into his cabin and laid before him his dazzling future.

Dickory sat, speechless, almost breathless. As he listened he could feel himself turn cold. Had any one else been talking to him in this strain he would have shouted with laughter, but people did not laugh at Blackbeard.

When the pirate had said all, and was gazing triumphantly at poor Dickory, the young man gasped a word in answer; he could not accept this awful fate without as much as a wave of the hand in protest.

"But, sir," said he, "if—"

Blackbeard's face grew black; he bent his head and lowered upon the pale Dickory, then with a tremendous blow he brought down his fist upon the table.

"If Eliza will not have you," he roared, "if that girl will not take you when I offer you to her; if she or her mother as much as winks an eyelash in disobedience of my commands, I will take them by the hair of their heads and I will throw them into the sea. If she will not have you," he repeated, roaring as if he were shouting through a speaking-trumpet in a storm, "if I thought that—yongster, I would burn the house with both of them in it, and the rum I had bought to make a jolly wedding should be poured on the timbers to make them blaze. Let no notions like that enter your mind, my boy. If she disobeys me, I will cook her and you shall eat her. Disobey me!" and he swore at such a rate that he panted for fresh air and mounted to the deck.

It was not a time for Dickory to make remarks indicating his disapproval of the proposed arrangement.

As the *Revenge* sailed on over sunny seas or under lowering clouds Dickory was no stranger to the binnacle, and the compass always told him that they were sailing eastward. He had once asked Blackbeard where they now were by the chart, but that gracious gentleman of the midnight beard had given him oaths for answers and had told him that if the captain knew where the ship was on any particular hour or minute nobody else on that ship need trouble his head about it. But at last the course of the *Revenge* was changed a little and she sailed northward. Then Dickory spoke with one of the mildest of the mates upon the subject of their progress, and the man made known to him that

they were now about halfway through the Windward Passage. Dickory started back. He knew something of the geography of those seas.

"Why, then," he cried, "we have passed Jamaica!"

"Of course we have," said the man, and if it had not been for Dickory's uniform he would have sworn at him.

CHAPTER XXII BLADE TO BLADE



WHEN THE CORVETTE *Badger* sailed from Jamaica she moved among the islands of the Caribbean Sea as if she had been a modern vessel propelled by a steam-engine. That which represented a steam-engine in this case was the fiery brain of Captain Christopher Vince of his Majesty's navy. More than winds, more than currents, this brain made its power felt upon the course and progress of the vessel.

Calling at every port where information might possibly be gained, hailing every sloop or ship or fishing-smack which might have sighted the pirate ship *Revenge*, with a constant lookout for a black flag, Captain Vince kept his engine steadily at work.

But it was not in pursuit of a ship that the swift keel of the *Badger* cut through the sea, this way and that, now on a long cruise, now doubling back again like a hound fancying he has got the scent of a hare, then raging wildly when he finds the scent is false—it was in pursuit of a woman that every sail was spread, that the lookout swept the sea and that the hot brain of the captain worked steadily and hard. This English man-of-war was on a cruise to make Kate Bonnet the bride of its captain. The heart of this naval lover was very steady, it was fixed in its purpose, nothing could turn it aside. Vince's plans were well digested; he knew what he wanted to do, he knew how he was going to do it.

In the first place he would capture the man Bonnet; all the details of the action were arranged to that end; then, with Kate's father as his prisoner, he would be master of the situation.

There was nothing noble about this craftily elaborated design; but, then, there was nothing noble about Captain Vince. He was a strong hater, and a strong lover, and whether he hated or loved nothing, good or bad, must stand in his way. With the life or death, the misery or the happiness of the father in his hands, he knew that he need but beckon to the daughter. She might come slowly, but she would come. She was a grand woman, but she was a woman; she might resist the warm plea of love, but she could not resist the cold commands of that cruel figure of death who stood behind the lover.

Captain Bonnet was returning from his visit to the New England coast, picking up bits of profit here and there as fortune befell him, when Captain Vince first heard that the *Revenge* had gone northward. The news was circumstantial and straightforward, and was not to be doubted. Vince raged upon his quarter-deck when he found out how he had been wasting time. Northward now was pointed the bow of the *Badger*, and the vengeful Vince felt as if his prey were already in his hands. If Bonnet had sailed up the Atlantic coast he was bound to sail down again. It might be a long cruise, there might be impatient waitings at the mouths of coves and rivers where the pirates were accustomed to take refuge or refit, but the light of the eyes of Kate Bonnet were worth the longest pursuit or the most impatient waiting.

So steadily sailed the corvette *Badger* up the long Atlantic coast, and she passed the Capes of the Delaware while Captain Bonnet was examining the queer pulp in the little bay-side town where his ship had stopped to take in water.

At the various ports of the northern coast, where the *Revenge* had sailed back and forth outside, the *Badger* boldly entered, and the tales she heard soon turned her back again to sail southward down the long Atlantic coast. But the heart of Christopher Vince never failed. The vision of Kate Bonnet as he had seen her, standing with glorious eyes denouncing him; as he should see her when, with bowed

head and proffered hand, she came to him; as all should see her when, in her clear-cut beauty, she stood beside him in his ancestral home, never left him.

Off the port of Charles Town, South Carolina, the *Badger* lay and waited, and soon, from an outgoing bark, the news came to Captain Vince that, several weeks before, the pirate Bonnet of the *Revenge* had taken an English ship as she was entering port, and had then sailed southward. Southward now sailed the *Badger*, and, as there was but little wind, Captain Vince swore with an unrelenting diligence.

It was a quiet morning, and the *Badger* was nearing the straits of Florida when a sail was reported almost due south.

Up came Captain Vince with his glass, and, after a long, long look, and another and another, during which the two vessels came slowly nearer and nearer each other, the captain turned to his first officer and said quietly, "She flies the skull and bones. She's the first of those hellish pirates that we have yet met on this most unlucky cruise."

"If we could send her, with her crew on board, ten times to the bottom," said the other, "she would not pay us what her vile fraternity has cost us. But these pirate craft know well the difference between a Spanish galleon and a British man-of-war, and they will always give us a wide berth."

"But this one will not," said the captain.

Then again he looked long and earnestly through his glass.

"Send aft the three men who know the *Revenge*," said he. Presently the men came aft, and one by one they went aloft, and soon came the report—vouched for by each of them: "The sail ahead is the pirate *Revenge*."

Now all redness left the face of Captain Vince. He was as pale as if he had been afraid that the pirate ship would capture him, but every man on his vessel knew that there was no fear in the soul or the body of the captain of the *Badger*. Quickly came his orders, clear and sharp; everything had been gone over before, but everything was gone over again. The corvette was to bear down upon the pirate; her cannon—great guns for those days, and which could soon have disabled, if they had not sunk, the smaller vessel—were muzzled and told to hold their peace. The man-of-war was to bear down upon the pirate and to capture her by boarding. There was to be no broadside, no timber-splitting cannon-balls.

The wind was light and in favor of the corvette, and slowly the two vessels diminished the few miles between them; but there was enough wind to show the royal colors on the *Badger*.

"He is a bold fellow, that pirate," said some of the naval men, "and he will wait and fight us."

"He will wait and fight us," said some of the others, "because he cannot get away; in this wind he is at our mercy."

Captain Vince stood and gazed over the water, sometimes with his glass and sometimes without it. Here now was the end of his fuming, his raging, his long and untiring search. All the anxious weariness of long voyaging, all the impatience of watching, all the irritation of waiting had gone. The notorious vessel in which the father of Kate Bonnet had made himself a terror and a scourge was now almost within his reach. The beneficent vessel by which the father of Kate Bonnet should give to him his life's desire was so near to him that he could have sent a musket-ball into her had he chosen to fire. It was so near to him that he could now, with his glass, read the word *Revenge* on her bow. His brows were knit, his jaws were set tight, his muscles hardened themselves with energy.

Again the orders were passed that when the men of the corvette boarded the pirate they were to cut down the rascals without mercy, but not one of them was to draw sword or pistol against the pirate captain. He would be attended to by their commander.

Vince knew the story of Stede Bonnet; he knew that early in life he had been in the army and that it was likely that he understood the handling of a sword. But he knew, also, that he himself was one of the best swordsmen in the royal navy. He yearned to cross blades with the man whose blood should not be shed, whose life should be preserved throughout the combat as if he were a friend and not a foe, who should surrender him his sword, and give to him his daughter.

"They're a brave lot, those bloody rascals," said one of the men of the *Badger*.

"They're a fool of a captain," said another; "he knows not the difference between a British man-of-war and a Spanish galleon; but we shall teach him that."

Slowly they came together, the *Revenge* and the *Badger*—

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BILL NYE

the bow of one pointed east and the bow of the other to the west; from neither vessel there came a word; the low waves could be heard flapping against their sides. Suddenly there rang out from the man-of-war the order to make fast. The grapnels flew over the bulwarks of the pirate, and in a moment the two vessels were as one. Then, with a great shout, the men of the *Badger* leaped and hurled themselves upon the deck of the *Revenge*, and upon that deck and from behind bulwarks there rose, yelling and howling and roaring, the picked men of two pirate crews, quick, furious, and strong as tigers, the hate of man in their eyes and the love of blood in their hearts. Like a wave of massacre they threw themselves against the drilled masses of the *Badger's* crew, and with yells and oaths and curses and cries the battle raged.

With a sudden dash, the captain of the man-of-war plunged through the ranks of the combatants and stood upon the middle of the deck; his quick eyes shot here and there, wherever he might be he sought the captain of the pirate ship. In an instant a huge man bounded aft and made one long step toward him. Vast in chest and shoulder and with mighty limbs, fiery-eyed, hairy, horribly fantastic, Blackbeard stood, with great head lowered for the charge.

"A sugar planter?" was the swift thought of Vince. "Are you the captain of this ship?" he shouted.

"I am!" cried the other, and with a curse like bursting thunder the pirate came on and his blade crossed that of Captain Vince.

Forward and amidships surged the general fight, men plunged, swords fell, blood flowed, feet slipped upon the deck, and roars of blasphemy and pain rose above the noise

his left shoulder. With one quick step, the pirate pressed closer to Vince, thus holding the imprisoned blade which stuck out behind his body, and with a tremendous blow of his right fist, in which he held the heavy brazen hilt of his sword, he dashed his enemy backward to the ground. The fall drew the blade from the shoulder of Blackbeard, whose great right arm went up, whose sword hissed in the air and then came down upon the prostrate Vince. Another stroke and the English captain lay insensible and still.

With the scream of a maddened Indian, Blackbeard sprang into the air, and when his feet touched the deck he danced. He would have hewn his victim into pieces, he would have scattered him over the decks, but there was no time for such recreations. Forward the battle raged with tremendous fury, and into the midst of it dashed Blackbeard.

From the companionway leading to the captain's cabin there now appeared a pale young face. It was that of Dickory Charter, who had been ordered by Blackbeard before the two vessels came together to shut himself in the cabin and to keep out of the broil, swearing that if he made himself unfit to present to Eliza he would toss his disfigured body into the sea. Entirely unarmed, and having no place in the fight, Dickory had obeyed; but the spirit of a young man which burned within him led him to behold the greater part of the conflict between Blackbeard and the English captain. Being a young man, he had shut his eyes at the end of it; but when the pirate had left he came forth quietly. The fight raged forward, and here he was alone with the fallen figure on the deck.

As Dickory stood gazing down in awe—in all his life he

name. Folding the sheet, he stopped for a moment, feeling that he could do no more; but gathering together his strength in one convulsive motion, he addressed the letter.

"Take that," he feebly said, "and swear—that it shall be—delivered."

"I swear," said Dickory, as, on his knees, he took the blood-smeared letter. He hastily slipped it into the breast of his coat, and then he was barely able to move quickly enough to keep the Englishman's head from striking the deck.

"How now!" sounded a harsh growl at his ear, "get you into your cabin or you will be hurt. It is not time yet for the fleecing of corpses! I am choking for a glass of brandy. Get in and stay there!"

In another minute, Blackbeard, refreshed, was running aft, the cut through his shoulder bleeding but entirely forgotten.

There was no fighting now upon the deck of the *Revenge*; the conflict raged, but it had been transferred to the *Badger*. The sailors of the man-of-war had fought valiantly and stoutly, even impetuously, but their enemies—picked men from two pirate crews—had fought like wire-muscled devils. Abaze with fury, they had cut down the *Badger's* men, piling them upon their own fallen comrades; they had followed the brave fellows with oaths, cutlasses and pistols, as, little by little and fighting all the while, they slowly clambered back into their own ship. The pirates had thrown their grapnels over the bulwarks of the man-of-war; they had followed, cut by cut, shot by shot, until they now stood upon the *Badger*, fighting with the same fury that they had just fought upon the blood-soaked *Revenge*. Blackbeard was not yet with



"TAKE THAT," HE FEEBLY SAID, "AND SWEAR—THAT IT SHALL BE—DELIVERED"

of battle. But further aft, the two captains in a space by themselves cut, thrust and trampled, whirling around each other, dashing from this side and that, ever with keen eyes firmly fixed, ever with strong arms whirling down and upward, now one man felt the keen cut of steel and now the other. The blood ran upon rich uniform or stained rough cloth and leather. It was a fight as if between a lioness and a tigress, their dead cubs near by.

As most men in the navy knew, Captain Vince was a most dangerous swordsman. In duel or in warfare, no man yet had been able to stand before him. With skilled arm and eye, and with every muscle of his body strained, his sword sought a vital spot in his opponent. There was no thought now in the mind of Vince about disarming the pirate and taking him prisoner; this terrible wild beast, this hairy monster, must be killed or he himself must die. Through the whirl and clash and hot breath of battle he had been amazed that Kate Bonnet's father should be a man like this.

The pirate, his eyes now shrunken into his head, where they glowed like coals, his breath steaming like a volcano, and his tremendous muscles supple and quick as those of a cat, met his antagonist at every point, and with every lunge and thrust and cut forced him to guard.

Now Vince shut himself in his armor of trained defence; this bounding lion must be killed, but the death-stroke must be cunningly delivered, and until, in his hot rage, the pirate should forget his guard, Vince must shield himself.

Never had the great Blackbeard met so keen a swordsman; he howled with rage to see the English captain still vigorous, agile, warding every stroke. Blackbeard was now a wild beast of the sea; he fought to kill, for naught else not even his own life. With a yell, he threw himself upon Captain Vince, whose sword passed quick as lightning through the brawny masses of

had never seen a corpse—the man he had supposed dead opened his eyes for a moment and gazed with dull intelligence, and then he gasped for rum. Dickory was quickly beside him with a tumbler of spirits and water which, raising the fallen man's head, he gave him. In a few moments, the eyes of Captain Vince opened wider, and he stared at the young man in naval uniform who stood above him. "Who are you?" he said in a low voice, but distinct—"an English officer!"

"No," said Dickory, "I am not an officer and no pirate; I am forced to wear this uniform." And then, his natural and selfish instincts pushing themselves before anything else, Dickory went on: "Oh, sir, if your men conquer these pirates will you take me—" but as he spoke he saw that the wounded man was not listening to him. His half-closed eyes turned toward him, and he whispered:

"More spirits."

Dickory dashed into the cabin, half filled a tumbler with rum and gave it to Vince. Presently his eyes recovered something of their natural glow, and with contracted brow he fixed them upon the stream of blood which was running from him over the deck.

Suddenly he spoke sharply: "Young fellow," he said, "some paper and a pen—a pencil—anything! Quick!"

Dickory looked at him in amazement for a moment, and then he ran into the cabin, soon returning with a sheet of paper and an English pencil.

The eyes of Captain Vince were now very bright, and a nervous strength came into his body. He raised himself upon his elbow, he clutched at the paper, and, clapping it upon the deck, began to write. Quickly his pencil moved; already he was feeling that his rum-given strength was leaving him; but several pages he wrote, and then he signed his

them—whatever happened, Blackbeard must be refreshed; but now he sprang upon the enemy's ship—that fine British man-of-war, the corvette *Badger*, which had so bravely sailed down upon his ship to capture her, and led the carnage.

They were tough men, those British seamen—tough in heart, tough in arms and body; they fought above decks and they fought below, and they laid many a pirate scoundrel dead; but they had met a foe which was too strong for them—a pack of brawny, hairy desperadoes, picked from two pirate crews. The first officer, now commanding, panting, bleeding and torn, groaned as he saw that his men could fight no longer, and he surrendered the *Badger* to the *Revenge*.

The great Blackbeard yelled with delight. When had any other captain sailing under the Jolly Roger captured a British man-of-war, a first-class corvette of the royal navy? His frenzied joy was so intense that he was on the point of cutting down the officer who was offering him his sword, but he withheld his hand.

"Go, somebody, and fetch me a glass of his Majesty's rum," he cried, "and I will drink to his perdition!"

The door of a locker was smashed, the spirits were brought, and the great Blackbeard was again refreshed.

Standing on the quarter-deck, where but an hour or two before Captain Christopher Vince had stood commanding his fine corvette as she sailed down upon her pirate enemy, Blackbeard had brought before him all the survivors of the *Badger's* crew.

"Well, you're a lot of damnable knaves," said he, "and you have cost me many a good man this day, but my crew will now be short-handed, and if any or all of you will turn pirate and ship with me I will let bygones pass; but, if any of you choose not that, overboard you go. I will have no unwilling rascals in my crew."





OPERA NIGHT

"... O the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
'Non ti scordar di me...'"

"Aux Italiens"—Owen Meredith.

MAY ROBSON: On the Art of Make-up

AS "TILLY" IN "HOOP OF GOLD"

AS "MELIA" IN "LADY BOUNTIFUL"

AS "MADAME BENOIT" IN "BOHEMIA"

IN "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP"

AS "MRS. BANG" IN "THE MESSENGER BOY"

AS "EMILY" IN "NERVES"



AS "KEZIAH" IN "LADY HUNTWORTH'S EXPERIMENT"

AS "KITTY" IN "GLORIANA"

AS "MRS. BANG" IN "THE MESSENGER BOY"

AS "MADAME POMPON" IN "MAKE WAY FOR THE LADIES"

AS "SAPHO" IN "BURLESQUE OF 'SAPHO'"

AS "SAPHO" IN "BURLESQUE OF 'SAPHO'"

IN THE FIRST PLACE, I do not think that I ever met any two faces that ought to be made up exactly alike. I am talking now of what is technically known as "straight make-up." You often see a girl who looks remarkably pretty on the street and is comparatively a fright when she goes on the stage, and a girl really plain who seems pretty behind the footlights. In other words, make-up can be very cruel or very kind.

For instance to give a short illustration: a girl with very large and beautiful eyes puts quantities of black shadows around them and they become the proverbial "burnt holes in a blanket"; the girl with the small eyes puts the same amount, and they become "soulful orbs." The straight nose, by a little incorrect shadowing, becomes crooked; the crooked nose, with correct shadowing, can be made straight; the large mouth can be made small and the small mouth larger; the full face thin, or thin face full; and there you have the whole groundwork of a straight make-up.

To get a knowledge of this, my advice has always been to the young beginner: Study the beautiful faces in art. In this way, you can learn what wonderful effect can be produced by light, shadows, lines, and curves of the mouth.

When we come to character work, we meet an entirely different proposition. There may be different methods—I feel quite sure there are—but my mode of procedure is to copy from life. My brain is the proverbial untidy top bureau drawer in which I store what the general public would call rubbish; but, as every woman knows, not a scrap can she throw away. A funny face in a street car and the lines and expression become indelibly fixed in my brain, and when it is of a very complex nature, or something very extraordinary, I always carry a small hand-satchel with a pencil and a scrap of paper, and it does not take me long to put down the few remarkable lines which I feel I might be apt to forget. In

my travels abroad I go further, and I have a more elaborate scheme. I carry a kodak—one of the old-fashioned snap kind; for the natives of the different towns in France and the little country villages in England and the queer-looking people one is apt to meet in the streets in the lower quarters of London will always run if they see you preparing to take a picture. My kodak is hidden under my coat, and I have become really so expert that I do not have to look into the little peep-hole to see if my subject is in focus, but can successfully press the button while I am, apparently, looking in another direction.

It will not be interesting, I feel sure, to the general public, to tell of the different grease-paints used, any more than it would be for an artist to tell what tubes of color he had used on a painting. But there is no color which cannot be reproduced in grease-paint—if the manufacturer chooses to take the trouble. Fortunately, my manufacturer does, and consequently all I have to do is to paint on a small piece of paper the different tints that I wish to use for the next make-up and they are always ready for me for the dress rehearsal.

Wigs also, as any one can readily imagine, form a very important factor. This is not such an easy matter. I think I cannot do better than quote an expression of my wig-maker, when I went in to order my last wig. "Such a wig as you are ordering, Miss Robson, is almost an impossibility. I will try to make it, but if I do not succeed, remember, you must take the responsibility." I said: "You have been making wigs for me now for fourteen years, and the least you can do is to exert yourself to carry out this idea of mine." He replied: "Yes, I have been making them for you for fourteen years, but I shiver when I see you come in, as in all the fourteen years I have not made fourteen dollars out of you."

In make-up, one is apt to forget what an important part the hands play. I have seen a girl play a chambermaid's part

beautifully, with her neat black dress, her pretty white apron and her little white cap with its black bow all absolutely perfect, and her hands have been whiter than her mistress's, and very often they are adorned with rings of more or less value. They don't stop to ask themselves what mistress would permit this. So it is with the maid-of-all-work, whose hands are red and sometimes scratched from the hard work that she has to do; the washerwoman's hands become of the consistency of putty, and red from the boiling hot suds; the consumptive girl's are thin, with the long blue shadows in between each finger and the clawlike effect to the nails. In every part, I think, straight and otherwise, the hands should be made up and as much attention given to them as to the face.

As to costume, my advice is: Get the real thing when you can. The coat that I wore some years ago in "Lady Bountiful," I remember I bought from a woman in Newark, who was very glad to exchange it for a new one. When I cannot get the real thing, I reproduce it as closely as I possibly can. But even though some of my make-ups, I will admit, seem exaggerated, I must say that there is not one I have not really seen.

When people shrug their shoulders at a retired actor or an actress going back to the boards, or seem amazed at somebody making another tour after they have already had a farewell one the year before, I wonder if they ever stop to think that, back of it, there is another motive besides the financial one.

Show me the artist—the true artist—who is willing to put away his brush and palette forever as long as God grants him his eyesight; how many professional men who have attained success, whether it be physician, lawyer, or statesman, who is willing to die out of harness. So when I hear of some actress going back to the boards where she has met with success, or the famous old actor taking another farewell tour, I feel glad for them.

MAY ROBSON.

KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

All but one of the men of the *Budger*, downcast, wounded, panting with thirst and loving life, agreed to become pirates and to ship on board the *Revenge*. The first mate would not break his oath of allegiance to the king, and he went overboard.

CHAPTER XXIII THE LETTER



HERE WAS hard and ghastly work that day when the *Revenge* was cleared after action, and there was lively and interesting work on board the *Budger* when Blackbeard and his officers went over the captured vessel to discover what new possessions they had won.

At first Blackbeard had thought to establish himself upon the corvette and abandon the *Revenge*. It would have been such a grand thing to scourge the seas in a British man-of-war with the Jolly Roger floating over her. But this would have been too dangerous; the combined naval force of England in American waters would have been united to put down such presumption. So the wary pirate curbed his ambition.

Everything portable and valuable was stripped from the *Budger*; her guns would have been taken had it been practicable to ship them to the *Revenge* in a rising sea—and then she was scuttled, fired, and cast off, and, with her dead on board, she passed out of commission in the royal navy.

During the turmoil, the horror and the bringing aboard of pillage, Dickory Charter had kept close below deck, his face

in his hands and his heart almost broken.—It is so easy for young hearts to almost break.

When he had seen the British ship come sailing down upon them, hope had sprung up brightly in his heart. Now there was a chance of his escaping from this hell of the waves. When the *Revenge* should be taken, he would rush to the British captain, or any one in authority, and tell his tale. It would be believed, he doubted not; even his uniform would help to prove he was no pirate; he would be taken away, he would reach Jamaica. He would see Kate; he would carry to her the great news of her father. After that his life could take care of itself.

But now the blackness of darkness was over everything. Those who were to be his friends had vanished, the ship which was to have given him a new life had disappeared forever. He was on board the pirate ship bound for the shores of England—horrible shores to him—bound to the shores of England to Blackbeard's Eliza!

He was not a fool, this Dickory; he had no unwarrantable and romantic fears that, in these enlightened days, one man could say to another, "Go you, and marry the woman I have chosen for you." There was nothing silly or cowardly about him, but he knew Blackbeard.

Not one ray of hope thrust itself through his hands into his brain. Hope had gone, gone to the bottom, and he was on his storm-tossed way to the waters of another continent.

But in the midst of his despair, Dickory never thought of freeing himself, by a sudden bound, of the world and his woes. So long as Kate should live, he must live, even if it were to prove to himself, and to himself only, how faithful to her he could be.

It was dark when men came tumbling below and throwing themselves into hammocks and bunks, and Dickory prepared to turn in. If sleep should come, and without dreams, it

would be greater gain than bags of gold. As he took off his coat the letter of the English captain dropped from his breast. Until then he had forgotten it, but now he remembered it as a sacred trust. The dull light of the lantern barely enabled him to discern objects about him, but he stuck the letter into a crack in the woodwork, where in the morning he would see it and take proper care of it.

Soon sleep came, but not without dreams. He dreamed that he was rowing Kate on the river at Bridgetown, and that she told him in a low sweet voice, with a smile on her lips and her eyes tenderly upturned, that she would like to row thus with him forever.

Early in the morning, through an open porthole, the light of the eastern sun stole into this abode of darkness and sin and threw itself upon the red-stained letter sticking in the crack of the woodwork. Presently Dickory opened his eyes, and the first thing they fell upon was that letter. On the side of the folded sheet he could see the superscription, boldly but irregularly written: "Miss Kate Bonnet, Kingston, Ja."

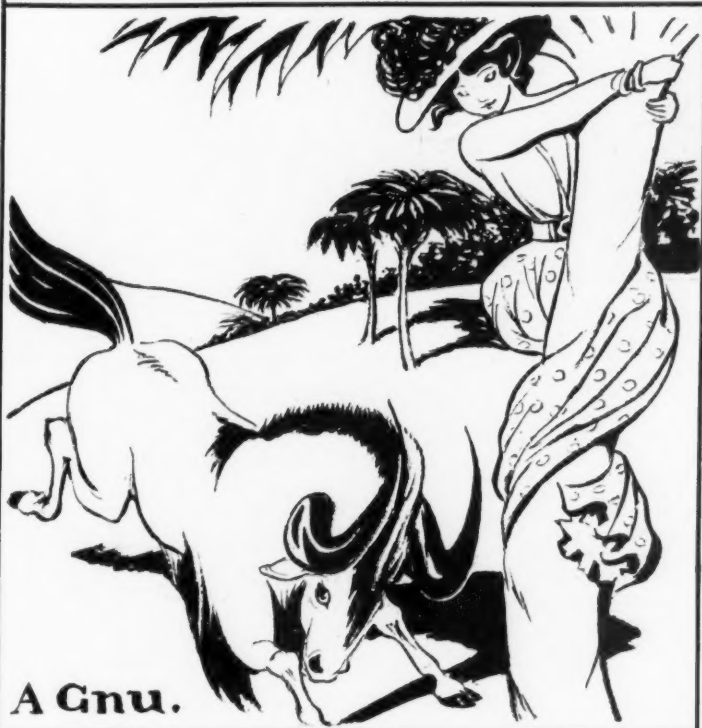
Dickory sat upright, his eyes hard-fixed and burning. How long he sat he knew not. How long his brain burned inwardly as his eyes burned outwardly he knew not. The noise of the watch going on deck roused him, and in a moment he had the letter in his hands.

All that day Dickory Charter was worth nothing to anybody. Blackbeard swore at him and pushed him aside. The young fellow could not even count the doubloons in a bag.

"Go to!" cried the pirate, blacker and more fantastically horrible than ever, for his bare left shoulder was bound with a scarf of silk and his great arm was streaked and bedabbled with his blood; "you are the most cursed coward I have met with in all my days at sea. So frightened out of your wits by a lively brush as that of yesterday. Too scared to count

The New Natural History—No. 8

By OLIVER HERFORD



A Gnu.

THE GNU

BEWARE, MY DEAR, if ever you should chance to come across a GNU!

You may be FAIR and TALL and SVELT,

But do not hope the GNU to melt.

You may be GENTLE, KIND, and TRUE,

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You may be GENEROUS, you may

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And if there is no TREE to CLIMB,

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gold! Never saw I that before. One might be too scared to pray, but to count gold! Ha! ha!" and the bold pirate laughed a merry roar. He was in good spirits; he had captured and sunk an English man-of-war—sunk her with her English ensign floating above her. How it would have overjoyed him if all the ships, little and big, that plied the Spanish Main could have seen him sink that man-of-war. He was a merry man that morning, the great Blackbeard, triumphant in victory, glowing with the king's brandy and with so little pain from that cut in his shoulder that he could waste no thought upon it.

"But Eliza will like it well," continued the merry pirate; "she will lead you with a string, be you bold or craven, and the less you pull at it the easier it will be for my brave girl. Ah! she will dance with joy when I tell her what a frightened rabbit of a husband it is that I give her. Now, get away somewhere, and let your face rid itself of its paleness, and should you find a dead man lying where he has been overlooked, come and tell me and I will have him put aside. You must not be frightened any more, or Eliza may find that you have not left even the spirit of a rabbit."

All day Dickory sat silent, his misery pinned into the breast of his coat; "Miss Kate Bonnet, Kingston, Ja."—and this on a letter written in the dying moments of an English captain, a high and mighty captain who must have loved as few men love, to write that letter, his life's blood running over the paper as he wrote. And could a man love thus if he were not loved? That was the terrible question.

Sometimes his mind became quiet enough for him to think coherently, then it was easy enough for him to understand everything. Kate had been a long time in Jamaica; she had met many people; she had met this man, this noble, handsome man. Dickory had watched him with glowing admiration as he stood up before Blackbeard, fighting like the champion of all good against the hairy monster who struck his blows for all that was base and wicked.

How Dickory's young heart had gone out in sympathy and fellowship toward the brave English captain! How he had hoped that the next of his quick, sharp lungs might slit the black heart of the pirate! How he had almost wept when the noble Englishman went down! And how it made him shudder to think his heart had stood side by side with the heart of

Kate's lover! He had sworn to deliver the letter of that lover, and he would do it. More cruel than the bloodiest pirate was the fate that forced him thus to bear the death warrant of his own young life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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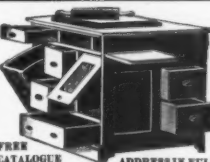
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THE PLUMED HAT WORN BY MISS BERTHA GALLAND IN "THE PRIDE OF JENNICO"

to reach his level; but on all of them the strip of ermine, the quill rakishly set, the fall of lace or buckle of gems suggest the stage training. There was a time when felt or velvet marked the cold of the calendar, as well as straw and lace its warmth, but that time has passed. Stage fashions are notoriously indifferent to the rise and fall of mercury; the paper snow-storm may hurl itself against the diamond pane and the stage wind whistle about the wings, yet the heroine awaits her doom in a chiffon hat or one of pink roses, and amid the real snow and the real wind, not even tempered to a Persian lamb, the Winter Girl will tempt Providence in all kinds and combinations of filmy stuffs, a mink's head peeping out from a floral tower, choux of gray chinchilla underneath blue mink, cream lace over lamb to the dense curls of which it is fastened by Rhinestone sunbursts.

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Drawn by THOMAS FOGARTY

"HE MEANS TO KILL THE PIECE," HE SAID. "IT'S BLACKMAIL!"

✠ "THE CROSS OF VICTORY" ✠

By JOHN D. BARRY, Author of "Mademoiselle Blanche," "The Leading Woman," Etc., Etc.

I
"THE PIECE is a frost," said Arthur Newman angrily, kicking at the newspapers on the floor.

"But what are we going to do?" asked Bloodgood, both hands extended.

Newman leaned back in his chair. The early morning light, coming through the soiled window-panes of the little office, made his face look yellow.

"We can't revive 'Down the Pike,'" said Bloodgood in a tone that invited contradiction.

"No, you bet we can't!" cried the actor, sitting up.

"When we closed last season I swore I'd never go out in that piece again. If I played it another winter I'd have paralysis."

"Well, you got back to the hotel," said Bloodgood.

"What are you going to do?"

"Do you remember Post's speaking about a play he'd done?"

"Little Post? The chap that joined us last week?"

"Yes."

"He can't write a play," Newman stretched out his arms.

"He can't even act. Why?"

"Let's read his play."

Newman rose. "I? I read his play?"

"We'll both have to read it," said Bloodgood.

After sending his star to bed, John Bloodgood sat in the corridor of the hotel and smoked. The servants were throwing sawdust on the marble floor and the air was thick.

Bloodgood was wondering how he could find out where young Post was. Suddenly he decided that Miss Lancaster would know.

He walked to the desk to search for Miss Lancaster's signature. Then he turned to one of the servants.

"Say!" Bloodgood drew from his pocket a quarter. "Go up to 45 and—"

He turned to the desk; "Wait a minute." Taking a sheet of notepaper, he wrote a few lines, which he inclosed in an envelope. "Take this to 45 and wait for an answer."

Noticing the look of surprise in the man's face, he added authoritatively: "Pound on the door till it's opened."

Five minutes later the man returned, with the envelope torn. Bloodgood drew out his note. Beneath his signature he saw in pencil, "The Stuyvesant."

He started for the street, turning up his collar at the thought of facing the mist. A few early workers were beginning to appear in the streets.

At the Stuyvesant, the night clerk instructed a bell boy to conduct Bloodgood to Mr. Post's room on the top floor.

After knocking several times, Bloodgood was greeted with the angry protest: "What are you making all that noise for, you fool?"

A moment later, the door was slightly opened and a slim figure in pajamas thrust out a boyish, fair-complexioned face.

"I want to see your piece," Bloodgood remarked bluntly.

Post's eyes looked startled; his blond face flushed.

"The Cross of Victory?" he gasped.

"Yes, I guess that's it," Bloodgood replied. "The one you showed me the day after you joined us. You haven't a barrelful of 'em, have you?"

"Why, you've got it!"

"I have?"

"You said you'd show it to Mr. Newman and talk it over with him."

Bloodgood began to stroke his hair with one hand. "Well, that's funny. It must be at my desk at the theatre."

II

A HALF-HOUR later, they were in the little office at the theatre. As Post read his play, Bloodgood listened in silence. At the close of each act, he bowed slowly. When the reading had finished, he looked straight ahead for a long time.

"Say, why didn't you tell us you could do this before?"

Post laughed nervously. "Well, I tried to let you know."

The manager pointed to the manuscript. "Why, that play is great! It's exactly in Newman's line, too. And only five

people. That knocks off hundreds of dollars from our salary list." Bloodgood rose to go. "We'll get after Newman before he comes down this morning," he said, shutting the desk. "Come up to the hotel and have breakfast with us."

At the hotel, Bloodgood left his companion in the breakfast-room. "I guess we'd better not wait for Newman. You must be pretty hollow after that reading. I oughtn't to have let you do it. You order for both of us and I'll shake Newman up."

A few moments later, the manager returned with his star. Newman greeted the playwright with an airiness intended to convey that the boy had taken a higher place in his estimation. They discussed the piece as if they had already decided it was to be produced. Newman asked questions. Costumes, largely military, Civil War—inexpensive; scenery, only two sets, a simple Southern interior, and a New England garden. He expressed satisfaction. "Oh, the money we squandered on that dreary, dreary thing of mine," he said reminiscently.

When the actors assembled at the theatre at ten o'clock Newman simply announced that, instead of beginning the rehearsal, they should hear a new piece. Post was surprised not to be asked to read the piece; he had looked forward with satisfaction to the astonishment of the other actors on finding that he had suddenly become so important. As the star quickly turned the pages of the manuscript, delivering the speeches in a monotonous tone, frequently with a false emphasis, Post would cast covert glances of appeal to Mary Lancaster, who sat with clasped hands. At the close of the last act Newman rose.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, what do you think of it?" The women all exclaimed enthusiastic praises. The men twisted in their seats, muttering perfunctory compliments. The acceptance of the piece would mean the return of at least two-thirds of them to New York.

"Now, I'll tell you what I think of it," said Newman. "The leading part is the best part that has come my way since I wrote 'Down the Pike.' It has a good many of the features of the character I played in my piece. But it needs to be brightened up a bit. It's too talky-talky. The old comedy people ought to be toned down and the climax of the third act ought to be rewritten altogether, where the lover thinks he's committed the murder, you remember, and wishes the woman got out of the way. That's the only intense situation in the piece and it ought to be made ten times as strong."

"Who wrote it?" asked one of the ladies, and Post's heart began to beat thickly.

Newman's face took on a mysterious smile. "That's a secret," he said in a whisper.

Post involuntarily glanced at Miss Lancaster, in whose eyes he read astonishment and concern. He walked into the wings and Newman followed him. "My boy, it's best to say nothing about the authorship for the present. I want that for a surprise. You can't trust these people with anything. Of course, if we decide to take the piece—"

"Do you think of trying it here?" Post asked nervously.

"In Jason City? Not on your life. This is a hoodoo town for me. From here we go to Cleveland. Perhaps we'll do it there. But after the rehearsal you'd better come up and lunch with Bloodgood and me at the hotel. Then we'll talk over the changes that must be made."

Newman began work with the young fellow by insisting that the first scene should be changed. "You mustn't ever let your hero open a piece," he said. "Always give him an entrance and work it up, too. Put ginger into it. Now this chap Atherton, he ought to come on with a rush. He's a hustler and the audience must be made to see that at the start."

He outlined his plan for the change, and he wrote bits of dialogue to piece the scenes together again. As he talked, he became more enthusiastic and authoritative. Hardly a page of manuscript passed his eye without being changed. Many of the speeches belonging to the other characters he took for himself; he seemed annoyed whenever he found a speech that he could not appropriate. The climax of the third act he changed completely in order to add

to the importance of his part. "My boy, remember that the people pay to see the star, and the more they see of him the better they are pleased." They worked till six o'clock, when Newman stopped to take dinner. "We'll make the rest of the changes at the rehearsals," he said, and Ridgely Post, feeling that he was dismissed, rose, sick at heart.

III

"THE great trouble is no one knows him."

Bloodgood looked thoughtfully at his star. "That's no matter."

"If the critics find out he's a new man they'll patronize him."

"Well, we can't help that. We've got to risk it."

The actor kicked out his legs, watching them intently. "I've put a lot of work on that piece. I deserve to get some credit. It would help to have my name on the bills, wouldn't it?"

Bloodgood smiled. "Of course it would." Then he added: "And his name would only be in the way."

"Of course, he might make a row."

"Oh, no. He'd be afraid we'd take the play off."

"We could make it up to him in royalties."

Bloodgood laughed aloud. "Oh, Arthur, you're great!"

"It's all by way of business, and we've got to make money. If we don't we'll bust. Then the play and the whole company will go to smash."

"It will do the kid good to have that explained to him," said Bloodgood satirically.

"Well, it won't do me any good to have people know that my piece fell down and the piece of one of the most insignificant actors in my company made a success."

"Oh, you're counting on a success, are you?"

"With my changes, the piece is sure to go."

"Well, then, why not advertise the changes? Don't say anything about the play."

Newman sat up in his seat. "Now look here. When you send out copy for the bills you put my name on and keep the kid's off. We'll explain things to him afterward. He won't see the bills till he reaches Cleveland anyway—on the day we open."

Bloodgood shrugged his shoulders. "Well, of course, you're the star!"

"And I'll take the risk," Newman concluded, rising to leave the office.

For the next two weeks they rehearsed every day. Post would walk home each afternoon with Mary Lancaster, tired out from acting all the parts and bitterly complaining of Newman's interpolations.

On Saturday afternoon he said to her: "Do you know what I think of doing? I think I'll take the night train for Cleveland. I'm wild to see those bills. I can't wait to leave with the company to-morrow."

That night, after the last performance, and after saying good-by to the actors about to leave the company, Post walked to the hotel with Mary Lancaster.

"It made me feel blue to think that my piece was doing those people out of work," he said.

She sighed heavily, and he knew she was dreading the ordeal of Monday night. If his piece failed, the rest of the company would have to follow the discharged members.

On leaving her he felt homesick and miserable. But when he had entered the berth he grew more cheerful. He was so tired that he slept soundly, and he woke in the gray morning while the porter was calling, "Cleveland! Cleveland!"

He dressed quickly, wide awake at the thought of being near the bills that were to exploit his play. He could picture his name in large letters; no, small letters, of course; the author's name was always in small letters, while the star's covered nearly the whole sheet. Oh, well! He laughed at the revelation of his own jealousy. As he left the car he gave the porter fifty cents, instead of the usual quarter. He felt happy, munificent. He loved everybody.

It was only five o'clock, and the streets were gloomy and

deserted. Post found a cabman and he swung his grip into the man's hand.

"Where'll I take you, sir?"

"Anywhere," Post impatiently replied, diving into the cab. Then he exclaimed, "Just drive round."

The cabman, bewildered, stood holding the door half open. "Drive round the city—anywhere," Post repeated.

"All right, sir," said the man, in a voice that accused Post of being out of his senses. He climbed heavily into his box and started off slowly.

"He thinks I'm drunk," Post thought, and then he laughed, lowering the window and letting in the damp air.

In the half-light he had difficulty in finding the bills in the shop-windows and on the boards outside. Those that he could see were devoted chiefly to exploiting the Flossie West Big Burlesque Company. Flossie West's bills always gave him too keen a sense of the degrading aspects of his profession. At last, as the cab passed into a more respectable-looking part of the town, he saw the name of Arthur Newman, in large letters, with "The Cross of Victory" standing beneath in smaller type. He thrust his head out of the window and cried to the cabman to stop. Without waiting for the cab to reach the curb, however, he leaped out and rushed to the billboard:

ORPHEUS THEATRE.
ARTHUR NEWMAN
In His New and Original Play,
The Cross of Victory.

He read the words again and again. It couldn't be possible. For several minutes he stood motionless. At last the driver called out: "Say!"

Post turned and sank heavily on the seat. The cab stood still. At last the driver climbed down and put his head in at the window. "Where d'you want to go now?"

Post roused himself. "Drive to The Elmsmere," he said. "Drive slowly," he added, thinking that other bills might be different. It wasn't possible that Newman could be such a cur! As they drove, he noticed several bills like the one he had seen. It was probably the only one used. But on the board near the hotel, he saw Newman's picture and he read, "Arthur Newman, in His New Comedy." At the hotel, he left the cab, walking heavily. He told the porter to pay the driver and to have his bag sent up to his room. He felt sick. He wanted to go to bed and sleep.

IV

Post slept till ten o'clock. Then he awoke to a profound melancholy. Rather than lie helplessly in bed, he rose and started to dress. Suddenly it occurred to him that the local newspapers would have something to say about the piece; they'd probably use press-agent stuff, and Newman often wrote paragraphs that the press-agent sent out. He rang and ordered all the papers. When they came, he examined one of them quickly.

Yes, there it was, right under a picture of Newman. "Though no announcement has been made, it is understood that 'The Cross of Victory' is Mr. Newman's own work. His success with 'Down the Pike' will be remembered by his Cleveland admirers. It was this piece that first brought him into notice as a playwright as well as an actor."

He passed both hands over his face, bending forward in his chair. What could he do? At the moment the most satisfactory move would be to spring at Newman's throat and choke him. It was perhaps better that he could not see the actor till the evening. He would be at the station, however, when the company came in. Then Post thought of Mary Lancaster. He'd have to keep his self-control before her. Even in his anger, he could not bear to think of her seeing him at a disadvantage.

At five o'clock he walked to the station. Mary Lancaster left the train with three members of the company. Post wondered where Newman and Bloodgood could be. She waved her hand to him and he hurried forward.

"Well?" she said, with inquiry in her eyes.

"Where's Newman?" he asked, his face flushing.

"He's coming by a later train, I believe—with Mr. Bloodgood. Have you seen the bills? How are they?"

"I know why he hasn't come! He was afraid to meet me."

Her face grew pale. "What do you mean?"

"Wait."

They walked quickly out of the station, without speaking. He kept a little ahead, his face set. It seemed right to be angry before her now.

"It's only a couple of blocks to the hotel," he said. "Let's walk—unless you're too tired."

"Oh, no. It's a relief to have the fresh air."

He led her to a bill that he had noticed on the way down. "Look!"

"Oh!" she gasped, her gloved hand at her cheek. Then he laughed hysterically, and his eyes grew moist. "What do you think of that?" he cried, as if in triumph.

"It's cruel," she whispered. "It's wicked. It's a shame! Oh! it's a shame!"

"Now come along," he said, with authority.

"Wait!" She pointed to a poster in a druggist's window, lighted by electric lamps:

WALTER SAMPSON
Presents
HIS STOCK COMPANY
From the
New York Cosmopolitan Theatre.

"Well?" she said.

"That means that Mr. Sampson is in town," she explained quietly. "He's always looking for plays. You know he's taking out two stars this winter—Janet Mayo and Horace Glenn. He's probably here. He often travels with this company. Why don't you go and tell him all about it?"

"I saw him at the hotel this morning," said Post.

"Tell him the whole story," she repeated. "He's one of the nicest men in the business. Perhaps you can persuade him to come and see the piece to-morrow night."

"But what good will that do?"

In spite of herself, she smiled. "If it's a success, you may have to take it away from Mr. Newman."

"Oh! I see," Post laughed loudly, nervously.

"It would pay them back. Besides, they say he wasn't satisfied with the piece he got last summer over in England for Horace Glenn, and Glenn would be splendid in your piece. And think of all they'd save on the company!"

The expression of Post's face softened. "What a comfort you are," he said in a low voice, and she smiled as if he had made a joke.

"I ought to be a play-agent instead of an actress," she said.

That night Post found Walter Sampson in the corridor of the hotel. The manager was a thick-set, square-jawed man of about thirty-five, with keen eyes and fine white teeth. Post introduced himself and told his story. Sampson listened in silence and with a gravity occasionally relieved by a knowing smile. When Post had finished, Sampson said carelessly:

"That's just like Newman. I know him of old. He played in my stock company before he became a star. After I made a name for him, he left me in the lurch and he signed with that fellow Bloodgood. He lifted the idea of 'Down the Pike' from an old French play that I'd had translated. I was foolish to let him read it."

Post looked astonished.

"Oh, he can't write anything," Sampson went on. "I haven't a doubt that other thing of his—the thing that failed in Jason City—I haven't the least doubt he stole that somewhere, too. This is the most dishonest business in the world, particularly in the matter of playwrighting. Why, they're brazen about it," he continued, warning up. "They take old plays, well-known plays, classics some of 'em, from the French or German, or God knows where, and they do them over and they announce them as if they were original plays by American writers. It's so common that no one pays any attention to it." Sampson stopped, growing suddenly cooler. "I'd like to see that piece of yours," he said absently. "I'll come round to-morrow night."

"I wish you'd read it first," Post urged; "he's butchered it."

Sampson smiled, as if the complaint were familiar to him. "Send the manuscript up to my room. I do all my play-reading in bed."

V

THE next morning Post found a note from Sampson, evidently written as the manager was about to go to sleep. "I've read your play. It's good. If you still want to dispose of it, talk with me in the morning."

Post sent up his card to the manager's room, and a few moments later Sampson himself appeared. When the young fellow had expressed his perplexity, Sampson laughed. "Oh, I didn't want you to take the play away from them yet a while. Let 'em put it on to-night. Above all things, don't make a row with them. To-morrow, if they try to do you, you can withdraw your piece."

Post sighed heavily. "After one performance?" he said.

Sampson pursed his lips. "I'd let 'em play it for a week or two. It wouldn't make any difference here. Besides, if it's a go the advertising will help business. It's a queer complication and it will be talked about in the New York papers. Nothing better could happen. You might call on Howard & Marsland before you talk with Newman and Bloodgood, though. They'll give you the law points."

Post pulled out his watch. "We rehearse at ten," he said. "Last rehearsal."

"Well, I'll see them myself," said Sampson good-humoredly. "You see, I hate to see a good thing like that spoiled."

On the way to the theatre with Mary Lancaster, Post kept tightening his hands nervously. "If I can only keep my temper," he said. "That's all I care about."

"You must," the girl urged gently. "This performance is going to mean even more than we thought yesterday. Don't you know, they say Mr. Sampson has a great pull with the press. I've noticed that whenever he makes a production out of town there are always telegraphic reports of it. He probably has them sent himself. Now, if he believes he's going to get this piece away from Newman, he'll probably send notices of the first performance. There's everything in getting a piece tried *once*, you know. Besides, Sampson never accepts a piece till he sees it from the front. He often puts pieces in rehearsal just to try them."

"Oh, yes, I know, I know," Post repeated nervously. Then he laughed. "Well, I'll be good."

He kept his promise to the extent of greeting Newman and Bloodgood when he met them on the stage; but his manner was cold. Bloodgood looked ashamed, and turned away. But Newman rushed forward.

"I say, old chap, I say, I hope you don't mind about the billing of the piece."

"I do mind," Post replied, surprised by his own quietness.

"Well, it was all a mistake. That is," the actor went on, betraying that he had not carefully prepared his story, "it was a misunderstanding. I intended to have it announced that we had collaborated. Our names were to appear together."

"I'd like to know why," Post cried, flushing. "We didn't collaborate."

"But, my dear boy," Newman urged softly, "think of all the work I put on the piece. Why, I practically rewrote it."

"You mangled it. You took all the life out of it. You put in a lot of damn rot."

"Oh, if that's the way you're going to take it," said Newman, deeply injured. "We'll have to get to rehearsal now. I'll talk with you after the performance."

That afternoon the company rehearsed till four o'clock. Then Newman declared he must go home for a nap. Post joined Mary Lancaster, and they walked to the hotel together.

"You've behaved beautifully," she said.

"Oh, I guess I can hold in till to-morrow," he replied with grim determination.

When they reached the hotel, they met Sampson in the corridor. Sampson shook hands with Mary Lancaster and asked her how she was getting on. When she left to go to her room, the manager turned to Post.

"I've seen the lawyers," he said. "It's just as I supposed. You can get out an injunction and claim your piece at any time."

"Well, I don't want to do it unless I'm sure of getting it produced somewhere else. Besides, I hate to throw them down even if they have treated me badly."

Sampson smiled. "You won't be so sensitive after you've been in the business a little longer. Anyway, I'll see you here to-night after the performance."

The audience that gathered to see Newman in "The Cross of Victory" filled the theatre. It gave the actor an enthusiastic reception, and at the close of the first act, which played with surprising smoothness, it called him out three times. As he came off the stage he met Bloodgood. "It's a go, Jack, sure as you live. We'd better clinch things with Post. We were fools not to have given him a contract. Let's settle it before the curtain goes up again. Bring him into my room."

A moment later Post stood between the star and the manager. Newman tersely made him two offers. One of a thousand dollars with his name off the bills, one of five hundred with his name as co-author. "Of course, I consider that I'm responsible for the piece. In its original shape it would have been a failure. Now, which offer will you take?"

"Neither," said Post, whose pallor showed from beneath the make-up.

"What!" Newman cried, astonished.

Bloodgood remained silent.

"Here's what I will do," Post went on calmly. "I'll accept five hundred dollars in advance on royalties. That will be taken out of my ten per cent on the gross receipts from each performance."

"He'll accept five hundred dollars in advance," Newman repeated to his manager as if Post were not present. Then he turned to the young fellow. "You must be crazy!" he cried indignantly. "Why, that's as much as some of the experienced men get, the old stagers who hit the bull's-eye every time."

Post bowed gravely. "That's the best I can do," he said.




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"THE CROSS OF VICTORY"

starting to leave the room. When the door had closed behind him, Newman looked at Bloodgood.

"He's bluffing!" said the manager, his sympathies now firmly established where his own interests lay.

"Then let's call him," said Newman. "Get him in here after the second act and tell him that if he doesn't accept our offer he can take his piece back again. It isn't his piece anyway! I guess that'll bring him off his high horse. Now, I've got to make a change. Go out and tackle him, Jack."

Bloodgood found Post supervising the setting of the stage for the third act. "Look here," he said brusquely.

"I'm sorry I can't talk with you now, sir. I'm too busy," said Post. Revenge was sweet when it came unsought like that. He went on giving instructions, and Bloodgood turned and walked back to the dressing-room.

A few moments later, the call-boy brought Post a note. He tore it open quickly and read:

"MY DEAR SIR—If you do not accept one of our two offers for your piece by the opening of the third act, you will please consider that they are both withdrawn. I think you will find it decidedly to your interest to take advantage of our generosity before the last act is seen by the audience."

"Yours, etc., ARTHUR NEWMAN."

As Post read, Mary Lancaster stepped from the wings toward the place where he was standing.

"See," he said, passing her the letter. He watched her as her eyes ran over the lines. In her face he read the confirmation of his own thought.

"He means to kill the piece," he said. "It's blackmail."

She looked at him with parted lips. "There's nothing to be done," she said, "except to go on. I have my best scenes in that act. I'll do my best to save it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," he said, and he turned away to hide the tears in his eyes.

During the performance of the second act, Post could see that Newman was angry. The actor played listlessly, omitting several of the most telling speeches; all of his scenes dragged. The young fellow, when not on the stage himself, watched the performance from the wings with misery in his face. The company, with the exception of Mary Lancaster, wondered what the matter was, and concluded that the star had been quarrelling with the author. When he approached Post, however, the situation was too delicate to be discussed.

At the close of the act, there were no calls. The audience seemed disappointed. As Newman walked up the corridor to his room he said in a loud voice, addressing no one in particular, "It's pretty frosty out there. We didn't hit 'em once." Then he met Post face to face.

"Well, sir, have you decided?"

At that moment the call-boy came up with a card. Post glanced at it nervously, fearing bad news. "He's trying to kill it; but it's all right."

I'm ready to make you a bid." He did not look at the back of the card. He merely glanced at Newman with a smile.

"I've decided to accept your invitation to withdraw my piece, sir. I can't accept your terms and I can't accept your treatment. You can play the piece for a week, if you like."

He did not stop to hear what the actor had to say; he knew that it would not be pleasant. As he crossed the stage he caught a glimpse of Mary Lancaster, and he hurried forward and pressed Sampson's card into her hand. "It's all right. I feel perfectly happy," he said.

"I'll make Sampson engage us both or he won't have the piece either."

She saw that he was intoxicated with excitement and she looked at him apprehensively.

"Don't lose your head," she whispered.

He laughed aloud. "No, I won't. I'm going to rely on you for that last act."

As the third act proceeded, Post saw that though Mary Lancaster was on her mettle, she was not obliged to bolster up the act, for Newman was doing his best. He wondered why the actor had changed his attitude. He understood when, after receiving several calls, Newman came forward and offered his hand.

"My boy, it's a fine play. You shall have everything you want. Only, of course, you'll be on the bills as co-author. I must have credit for the work I've put into your piece."

Post smiled and shook his head. "Too late."

"What do you mean?" Newman asked.

"I can't let you have the piece on any terms."

"Why, it's going to be the greatest success in years," Newman went on, determined to remain good-natured.

Post turned away.

VI

WHEN they reached the hotel, Sampson had not arrived. He came in shortly, however, and sat at the table in the dining-room where Post had arranged a place for him.

"Great night," he said, smiling. "I could see you were having a warm time behind there," and when Post had rapidly outlined the events, he went on: "Of course, after you took a firm stand with him he got frightened. And then he saw he was a fool to queer a good piece of property." Sampson glanced from Miss Lancaster to Post. He seemed to be comparing them. "Well, I guess I can duplicate Newman's offer—five hundred down in advance of ten per cent royalty."

Post drew a long breath. "It sounds different when it comes from you, Mr. Sampson."

"Oh, of course," the manager lightly remarked. "You couldn't have trusted Newman. He would have cheated you in some way. He knows all the tricks of the business. We'll sign the papers in the morning, before you see those chaps, if you please. I shall want some changes in the piece," he went on, smiling at the sudden apprehension in Post's face. "Oh, don't be afraid. You can make them yourself. I don't want to

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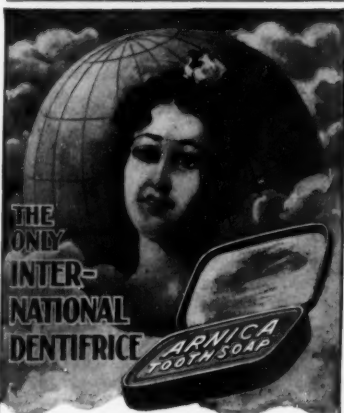
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spoiled things. You can give Frances back all her speeches, all that Newman stole. They sound ridiculous coming from him. I'll want you to lighten up the third act. By playing it so listlessly, Newman made me see just where it was weak. I'll put the piece on in six weeks and I shall want you to stage it. I suppose you'll finish with Newman by the end of this week?"

"I don't think he'd enjoy having me 'round for the rest of the season," said Post with a smile. Then his face grew serious. "How about an actress for Frances?"

"Well, I guess there's only one Frances in the world for me."

"Hurrah!" Post extended his hand toward the girl. She took it, flushing and smiling. "It's our inning," Post added.

"I think I may be able to use you in New York," Sampson went on, addressing the young fellow. "I need a good stage-manager, and I'm certain from your work in this piece you'll fill the bill all right. You can read my plays for me, too. I've got a stock of 'em in my desk at the Cosmopolitan. By the way," he went on, "I've wired some paragraphs about your piece to the New York papers, and I put a flea in the ear of a couple of the newspaper men here. They'll be after you to-morrow. A little scandal won't do the piece any harm."

The next day two of the local papers devoted brief space to the "rumor" that Newman had stolen "The Cross of Victory" from a subordinate member of his company, and all the papers sent reporters to Post to inquire into the story. They evidently sent reporters to Newman and Bloodgood as well, for the manager called at Post's room to denounce him for trying to ruin his star. That night at the theatre both Newman and Bloodgood made overtures of peace to the author-actor, intimating that if he would send a statement to the press acknowledging Newman as co-author they would be even more generous in the way of royalties than they had been in their last offer of the night before. He held his position firmly, and he enjoyed keeping silent about his contract with Sampson. That night the house was crowded, and both Newman and Post were warmly received by the audience. The next morning the papers announced that Sampson had bought the piece. On the evening of the same day, Bloodgood announced the revival of "Down the Pike" on the following Monday night. New actors were engaged by wire to come on at once from New York and rehearsals of the old piece began. A part was offered to Miss Lancaster; but she refused it and sent in her resignation.

During the rest of the week neither manager nor star spoke once to Post. They had decided to ignore the accusations in the papers, merely saying to the reporters that the whole story was without foundation. On Saturday night, Post walked out of the theatre with Mary Lancaster, breathing a deep sigh as the stage-door clanged behind him. He had decided to take the night-train for New York in order to confer with Sampson's star on Sunday, and he had arranged to leave in the morning.

"Well, it has been a great experience," he said, and as she did not answer, he went on: "I shall always be glad it happened just as it did happen."

"Why?" She looked away from him, her breath coming quickly.

"Because it brought me so near to you," He waited; but she remained silent.

"I can't go to New York without telling you how much I appreciate all you've done."

"Oh, I haven't done anything," she said impulsively.

"You've done everything," he quietly replied. "But for you I should have made an awful ass of myself and I might have queered everything." He hesitated. Then he said: "Mary!" His breath caught at the sound of her name. "I want you to marry me. Will you?"

She clutched his arm, leaning against him.

"Soon after we go to New York," he went on. "Will you?"

She looked into his face and he saw that tears stood in her eyes. "Not too soon," she said, laughing.

They were married three weeks later, a few days before "The Cross of Victory" was produced in New York.

"How could you?" said Sampson to the bride. "It will hurt the business."

But Mary laughed and replied: "Oh, that's a mere superstition."

"And now you won't want to play out of New York," he went on.

"I won't, unless my husband does."

"Oh, I'm not going to let him play at all. He'll have to stay right here and stage my pieces."

"Then you'll have to give me all New York engagements," she insisted.

"The Cross of Victory" brought Post not merely a large income in addition to his salary as stage-manager, but offers of contracts for other pieces. He has never tried to act since; but he loves the theatre as much as he ever did. His only complaint is that his wife loves it, too.

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The Requirements of Playwriting

By DANIEL FROHMAN

WHATEVER may be said about the quality of play produced in this country, there is no lack of material. I myself receive for examination about six plays a week, an average of one for each working day. Of these I read all that come from writers who are new to me by reputation; the others I hand over to my stage-manager; he reads and assorts for my attention those manuscripts that are promising. Among them all we find many that have a great deal of merit. Most of these come from inexperienced writers; others come from literary men, who at present are greatly attracted to the stage.

The trouble with literary men as playwrights is that they show a tendency to make their characters talk, instead of making them act; that is to say, they relate the story in a series of dialogues rather than in "movement." Now, the whole question of playwriting depends upon action, action, action; the characters must work out the plot. Sometimes the plot works out of character. In setting out to write, the dramatist should bear in mind that he must, in the first place, have a dramatic story to tell; he must tell it tersely and logically, each part being in its proper place, all parts closely welded together into a complete, well-rounded drama. It must be a story susceptible of constant development. The dialogue, in my opinion, is the last thing to be thought of. After all, the real work of a dramatist is done before he puts pen to paper; he must have conceived the general plan—the architectural scheme—and into this he must have woven the incidents, which should not only be interesting in themselves, but should be a natural outcome of the story; should, indeed, be a part of the very warp and woof.

Of course, there are some good writers for the stage whose work violates this rule; but they are exceptions. Some, for example, excel in character and incident rather than in any strong plot. But very unusual skill and invention are needed to make a play successful by strength of incident. Yet a play of this sort may be very fine. For example, Bronson Howard's "Henrietta," which as a play of contemporaneous interest I considered one of the best American plays ever written, is

so rich in incident that the story is of comparatively little account. It teems with life; it is brilliant in coloring and in character drawing. And with what masterly skill every detail is managed! At the end of each act, the main thread of the narrative, which for a time has been lost sight of, is taken up again, and the interest is carried over to the beginning of the next act. In it comedy and drama were equally commingled—a rare art.

On the whole, I take an optimistic view of the future of the American drama. But I realize that, compared with the French and German writers for the stage, our writers are handicapped.

Besides being outspoken and bold in the treatment of themes tabooed in England and America, the French are very prolix. French dramatists like to write wordy plays, with endless speeches, and the French theatre-goers—all the French are theatre-goers, for that matter—are good listeners. A French actor enjoys nothing better than to walk down to the footlights, harangue the audience, then walk across the front of the stage and repeat the operation. But the restless American will not endure a play that gives actors too much of this. We are a busy, energetic people, and we want our plays to be crisp in dialogue and quick in action. In adapting plays from the French, our authors have to do a great deal of pruning. The pruning process, by the way, I have found to be essential with nearly all plays. Any prolixity in the dialogue becomes very apparent when the piece is put on for rehearsal. As I have said, a play is a thing of action, not of words, and when it is being given it is often found that some of its words are actually in the way and hamper the movement.

The best dramatists are those who are most in sympathy with actors. One reason why so many English dramatists are successful is because they have been actors themselves.

A clever author will give every actor something worthy of his art; this stimulates him. So he makes the best of his opportunity; and when every actor in the cast does this, the effect is that of well-rounded drama perfectly played. In brief, to be able to produce this effect is the secret of playmaking.

How to Please the Public

By LOU FIELDS

HOW TO PLEASE the public? Well, that's a mighty hard thing to tell. If I could tell it, I should have the power to create fortunes. Perhaps the best I can do would be to explain the ways and means by which I, together with my partner, Weber, have tried to please audiences.

To begin with, I must go back to the days of our very small beginnings. We were like any other two stage-struck boys who had had no practical experience or connection of any sort with the theatrical business. Our first turn consisted of a song and dance; but I don't think it was just like any other song and dance. I know the song wasn't, because we wrote it ourselves. This is a broad statement, but I don't believe there was ever a worse song than that one. It was called the "Fancy German Ball," but it had one virtue, it was original; and that is what we have tried to be ever since.

A few years later, when we were doing a neat song and dance, we decided that was too commonplace; so we tore newspapers into tidies with our hands, while we tried to keep time to the music with our feet. Then we went into the Coon song and dance, but as everybody else was imitating Frank McNish, who dressed in knickerbockers and a clean shirt, we dressed for it in the rough, loose clothes of the plantation negro. We finally concluded the Dutch specialty was the best

santed to our peculiar talents, and it seems to have proven the best one for us, at least. Soon after we started this turn we took up the method we have followed since of torturing the English language. One night, at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre, Weber's hat fell off and rolled on the footlights. I said: "Your hat fell on the lit."

Then Weber pointed to two of the lights and said: "What's the difference between dat lit and dis lat?"

I don't know exactly why, but the audience seemed to think it was funny; so we went home and proceeded to work up a new dialect. By Saturday night we used our new act with the twisted talk and have been kept at it pretty steadily ever since. I remember one part of the act was about a letter which Weber wanted to write his girl. He wanted me to tell him what to put in the letter, but he didn't want me to know what he was going to write. I used to say, "Then write her a postal card," and Weber replied, "Then she won't care two cents for me." We did that turn for five years, and then we produced a twenty-minute sketch called "The Senators at the Pool-Table." That was our first real success, and ever since then we have worked on the same idea of a comedy scene—to burlesque something with which every one is familiar and to make fun of the human side of a perfectly commonplace, everyday occurrence.



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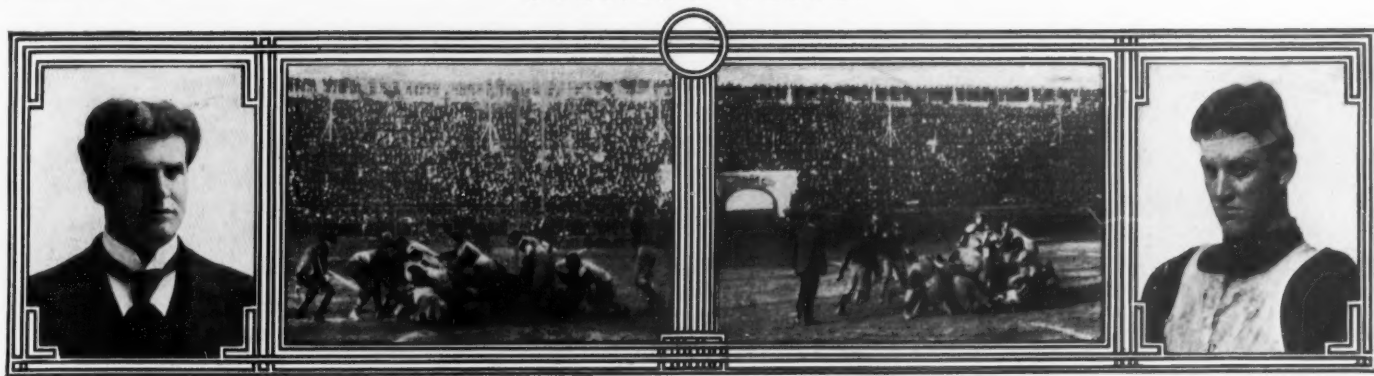
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**YALE 22
PENNS.
STATE 0**



peatedly on to the backs almost before they had started. Yale's kicking was very weak. When she actually had to have distance, De Saulles would signal for the tackle back, and Yale would take what was needed. But as for the rest of the play, it was uncertain.

Pennsylvania State quite easily circled Yale's ends, once getting the runner by clear, so that had he not been overtaken by Wilhelm, just at the moment when he reached De Saulles, he might have found the goal.

**HARVARD 6
WEST
POINT 0**

Harvard had a hard struggle to defeat the Cadets at West Point, winning by a single touchdown and goal in the last half minute of play. The public was rather surprised at first when it was learned that Daly was playing against his own university; but he not only played but did much to hold down the team of Messrs. Reid and Campbell. There was a good deal of kicking in the game, Kernan of Harvard answering to Daly of West Point. Both of them at times got in long kicks, and, summing up the net result, there was little to choose. Kernan got a touchdown, and saved Harvard by getting around West Point's left end, and incidentally passed Daly on his way to the goal line. Harvard's defence was too much for



HARVARD vs. WESLEYAN—WESLEYAN BLOCKING A KICK BY HARVARD

West Point, while the dash and determination of the Cadets kept them really playing a game above their average, and thus they held Harvard through the two halves.

**COLUMBIA 12
HAMILTON 0**

Columbia had one scare in her game with Hamilton, when, in the last five minutes of play, on an attempt to circle the end, Boyesen of Columbia lost the ball, and Peet, Hamilton's left half, got it and started for the Columbia goal, some fifty yards away. Had it not been for Weekes' fine burst of speed, by which he overtook the Hamilton runner, Columbia would have been scored upon. Even after Weekes brought him down it looked dangerous; for, on the next play, a double pass, McLaughlin, the Hamilton quarter-back, got fifteen yards more toward the goal. Just then, however, the referee's whistle blew and the game ended—Columbia 12, Hamilton 0.

Princeton found an easy foe in Brown, who thus far this season is not sustaining her football reputation. There was no time when Princeton was not able to gain ground at will, and although there was some fumbling, the Princeton team always made it good. Both Freeman and Meier were tried as quarters for Princeton, and if they handle the ball and themselves as well as they did Saturday, the connection between the line and the backs will be a steady one. The score was 35 to 0.

**PRINCETON 35
BROWN 0**

Cornell defeated the Indians at the Stadium, Buffalo, to the tune of 17 to 0. This score does not truly represent Cornell's strength, as the Indians are not as strong as in former years.

The features of the game were a ninety-yard run by Hunt and the large attendance, there being nearly 16,000 people in the inclosure, 5,000 of whom rushed in free owing to the bad management at the gate.

Dartmouth had a remarkable contest with Williams, finally winning by a score of 6 to 2, although it was anybody's match all through the game. Williams seems to be having hard luck this year, although playing a good game of football. In the Dartmouth match she fumbled the ball when six inches from Dartmouth's goal line, while Dartmouth at no time carried the

ball up further than Williams' fifteen-yard line, but made her touchdown on a foolish play by Williams, whose half-back and back allowed the ball to bound across the goal line, neither of them taking it, and Hanlon, the Dartmouth left end, came down and fell on it.

OTHER GAMES

Pennsylvania had a hard time with Bucknell, who played the tackle-back formation against her with considerable success. Bucknell carried the ball fifty-five yards at the very commencement of the game up to Pennsylvania's ten-yard line, where she was finally held on downs. The score was 6 to 0.

The Navy defeated Lehigh 18 to 0. Lafayette easily ran through Orange Athletic Club 17 to 0. Amherst and Trinity had a tie game at Hartford. Union defeated Colgate 21 to 0, and Villa Nova barely pulled out the game against Franklin and Marshall in an unsatisfactory, quarrelling match, 12 to 11.

**HARVARD 16
WESLEYAN 0**

On Wednesday, October 16, Harvard put in a trial team against Wesleyan to give the greater part of the regulars a chance to rest. The result was the small score of 16 to 0. Cooper and Clark played ends, Blagden and Cutts tackles, and Hovey and Barnard guards. Sargent was at centre. Matthews was placed at quarter, and Mackay, Kernan and Graydon formed the back field. Harvard scored twice in the first half, Graydon being forced over each time, and once in the second, a touchdown being made by Knowles, who replaced Mackay. The time of the game was two fifteen-minute halves.

The most satisfactory part of the play was that of Matthews at quarter. The line was slow and far from steady.

**PENNSYLVANIA 20
VIRGINIA 5**

Virginia succeeded in scoring upon the University of Pennsylvania. In fact, at the end of the first half it was a pretty close match, the score being 8 to 5 in favor of Pennsylvania. In the second half, however, the Quakers woke up, as they did in the contest with Brown, and played a better game, running up twelve points. For all that, their attack was pretty well held by the Virginia men, who also, on their own account, managed to get around Pennsylvania's ends with considerable success. Howard of Pennsylvania, at quarter, did very well, especially in running back kicks, although he fumbled one ball. The time of the halves was twenty minutes each, and the final score 20 to 5.

**YALE 45
BOWDOIN 0**

In the match with Bowdoin, Yale ran up her highest score of the season in two halves, one of twenty and the other of fifteen minutes. The team work and general assistance was good, and there was much less fumbling than has been the case in previous games. Yale played simple plays, and Hart, Yale's right half-back, circled Bowdoin's end with ease. The general line work, however, especially on the left side, was slow and unsatisfactory. In the second half Yale played largely a substitute team, but the substitutes did very creditable work, and showed, in the way they handled the ball, that they are in this respect quite a match for the regulars.

Yale is still entirely in the dark as far as the kicking game is concerned, and good punts would bother her team considerably. Fortunately for the reputation of the Yale line, however, Bowdoin was not strong in forwards, but was well protected by half-backs, who almost invariably brought the runner down after he had broken through the rush line. Bowdoin's line improved very much in the second half, and it held Yale toward the end of the period with considerable success. The final score was: Yale 45, Bowdoin 0.

**PRINCETON 23
DICKINSON 0**

Dickinson offered the sturdiest defence to Princeton of any of the teams she had thus far met. The visiting team was stout and strong, and it got together well when it struck the line. In fact, at the outset of the game, Dickinson carried the ball more than twenty-five yards before a fumble, caused by a missed signal, lost her the ball. From this point Princeton had a half-dozen plays, beginning with a good run by De Witt around left end, carrying the ball over the line for a touchdown. The final score of the first half was 6 to 0. In the second



DARTMOUTH vs. WILLIAMS—WILLIAMS STOPPING DARTMOUTH'S ADVANCE

half Princeton crowded her opponents more seriously, and ran up seventeen more points. The times of the halves were twenty minutes each. Princeton showed still some tendency to fumble, although in this respect the second half was the better. De Witt once more demonstrated his kicking ability not only in place kicks, but also in drop kicks. The game was unusually rough at times.

OTHER GAMES

Other Wednesday games were: Swarthmore defeated Lehigh, 6 to 5; Lafayette's victory over Manhattan, 16 to 0; Williams defeated by Massachusetts State College, 17 to 0; and Amherst's tie game with Union, neither side scoring.

**YALE 25
WEST
POINT**

Yale goes to West Point on Saturday, Nov. 2d, and the most interesting point for the Cadets is whether Yale will be able to run up anything like the score against them which her team did against Annapolis. Such a comparison, however, would not mean much, and it is very unlikely that Yale will be able to score as freely as she did against the Middies, for the West Point team will be some three weeks further along in development than was the eleven which represented the Navy, while the big team is now being held back somewhat in view of the danger of overtraining previous to the more important contests. The game should be an interesting one, and West Point will have rather the better of the kicking contest when it comes to exchange punts. The Yale team is backward in the development of its kicking game, and while represented by a strong line, the back field has not gotten into shape, and is the danger-point in the contest.

**PRINCETON 25
CORNELL**

On the same day Princeton journeys to Ithaca for a match with Cornell. Last year Cornell defeated Princeton badly at Princeton, much to the surprise of the Princeton followers, and partly to the astonishment of Cornell's own supporters, although Cornell had defeated the New Jersey men in a close game the year before. This will be Princeton's first real game. Her antagonists thus



YALE FOOTBALL SQUAD COMING ON THE FIELD FOR PRACTICE

far this year, barring Lafayette, have been inferior. Her team has been developed on this basis, that no risks of a repetition of last season's disasters were to be run; and Princeton has not even played Columbia this year. For all that, her team is considerably better than that of 1900, and has its weight better distributed. Finally, and most important of all, the men are playing more football and doing less "scrapping," if one may be permitted the use of that term, than last season. Cornell, on the other hand, is developing her team in a very different fashion from former years. Many is the time when Cornell has come down to the Eastern seaboard in the middle of the season and has defeated the teams which were making a record for power only in the end to fall victims to Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day. Hence, realizing that the Pennsylvania game is her big game, Cornell has devoted her energies to a more slow development, with some hopes of a good finish. This will find her less prepared than for the last two years to take on such a game as that with Princeton, and for this reason it looks as though the chances favored the visitors.

**PENNSYLVANIA 25
COLUMBIA**

On the same Saturday the University of Pennsylvania comes to New York for the first time in a long while—in fact, for seven years—and there meets the eleven representing Columbia. Last year at Philadelphia Pennsylvania administered a severe beating to Sanford's team, and the memory of that is still fresh in the minds of the Columbia supporters. It is with the intention of wiping out that disgrace that she will line up against Pennsylvania on Saturday and endeavor to show that there is no such margin of difference between the two teams as the score of last season would indicate.

As to her preparation and readiness for this contest, Pennsylvania has had one or two fairly strong antagonists, but none that could compare with Harvard, whom Columbia met the middle of the month, or Yale, whom she met later in the month. And that experience was an excellent one for the Columbia eleven, and should stand it in good stead when it meets the Philadelphians. It is true that Columbia was defeated with comparative ease by Harvard, but, when one stops to think about it, it was not as bad a beating as Harvard gave Pennsylvania last sea-

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son, when the two teams were considered pretty evenly matched. Columbia has also met Yale, and the experience of that game was also valuable. Between the two, the Columbia players should go into the contest as veterans, while Pennsylvania's men are comparatively green. This is doubly the case this year with Pennsylvania's team, on account of the lack of old material and the kind of matches that appear in her schedule. The University of Chicago has been practically the only first-class match that Pennsylvania has had, and Chicago has not been rated very high up to this time in this year's football.

In comparing the two teams, one finds Columbia far more dangerous behind the line with Morley and Weekes than anything Pennsylvania can offer. In the line the proposition is different, for here the two teams are fairly matched so far as experienced material goes.

In the style of play Pennsylvania has departed somewhat from her principles of the last few years, and is playing a more varied game, and not depending entirely upon guards-back and her plunging for advancement. End runs will be attempted, but in this respect Columbia should, in Weekes, have a material advantage. Pennsylvania if held to downs in the neighborhood of the opponent's goal will, unquestionably, try the quarter back kick, which her team has on occasions executed very cleverly. On the whole, it should be a good contest, and Columbia ought to have a chance to redeem herself, or, at any rate, hold the score down closer, and if one may judge from her past history and the brilliant game her team occasionally puts up, one cannot say that there is an impossibility of her winning out.

W. J. TRAVIS,
WINNER WESTBROOK
TOURNAMENT

In the Middle West the October work of the football season demonstrated that none of the teams are likely to be brilliant, although in certain departments of the play they show up well. The most promising of the old favorites are Michigan and Wisconsin, but both have their weak points. Michigan has a light line, despite all efforts to increase its weight without damaging its playing abilities. The final result of Coach Yost's work will evidently be a speedy aggregation that will depend on its fast playing to offset the lightness of the line. In the back field Michigan is stronger than in five years, and is playing a straight game of football, with no trick plays and few of the newer formations.

Wisconsin has a heavier eleven than Michigan, but is weak in two or three positions, especially full-back. Wisconsin has played several games with teams of minor calibre and swamped every one by heavy scores. Michigan has also registered big scores, but in two out of three games played against heavier elevens. The game with Indiana proved that Michigan's speed can be counted upon to offset a considerable excess of weight on the other side.

Chicago is a great disappointment, and Iowa has done poorly thus far. Under the circumstances it is deplorable that there is no Michigan-Wisconsin game this year. Chicago's opening of the season proved an easy victory—23 to 0—against Monmouth. The next week, however, the Maroons were only able to score one touchdown on Knox, and in their third game they were tied by Purdue—5 to 5. Coach Stagg has been unable to brace up the team owing to his lack of available talent. Flanagan, one of Chicago's best line men, has been delirious by the faculty owing to conditions in his classes, and without him the Maroon line is very weak.

The Iowa team, which came to the front so finely last year, is lighter than in 1900, and thus far is inclined to be slow. The team averages 173 pounds, and none of the players are fast on their feet. Iowa will depend greatly this year on further variations of guards back plays, and Coach Knipe has devoted a great deal of time to instructing the team in these.

Northwestern has a strong eleven this year, ten players from last season's eleven having returned. For some reason Northwestern has not been able to pile up a big score on any opponent thus far, and on October 12 only defeated Notre Dame 2 to 0, an odd score in football nowadays. In spite of this, however, the Purple eleven is known to be strong, fast, and of good weight. It is feared by every Middle West eleven.

Illinois and Minnesota have not advanced as rapidly as was expected. The former is not in very good shape, but in the games so far has been able to roll up respectable scores against minor opponents. The team may be a factor later on if the development proceeds a little faster. Minnesota, with an eleven averaging 190 pounds, is very slow. The Gophers depend on mass plays and rushes, where their weight counts heavily. They ex-

pect to improve in speed, but, at present, their slowness renders them unable to make the most of their opportunities in taking quick advantage of their opponents. Minnesota disposed of Nebraska, however, on October 12 by a score of 19 to 0. Nebraska was regarded as a possible dark horse for Middle Western honors on account of her strong finish last year.

The Westbrook tournament began with some capital golf and the qualifying round, as well as Travis's match play rounds of the Sixth Annual.

will be some time remembered by those who were fortunate enough to see it. The course was in good shape, and everything was especially attractive. Twenty-one strokes separated the first ten, Travis making the 36 holes in 160, and De Witt Cochran in 181. But it was a very hot contest between Travis and Livingston for the gold medal, which up to this time had never been won by an outsider. Livingston went out in 39 and came in in 40, and was two strokes better than Travis, who went out in 40 and came in in 41. But on the next trip, though each took 41 going out, Travis came in in 38 to Livingston's 41, thus winning by one stroke. Livingston missed a foot and a half put on the home green for an 81.

The scores were: Travis, 160; Livingston, 161; Knapp, 166; Tappin, 169; Seeley, 171; Carnegie, 177; R. C. Watson, 178; G. E. Watson, 179; Robbins, 180; Cochran, 181; Hamilton, 187; Ward, 188; Suydam, 188; Tyng, 196; C. F. Watson, 197; S. A. Jennings, 199; F. C. Jennings, 201; J. C. Tappin, 202; Hodges, 203; Jewett, 205.

On Thursday, Travis exhibited what will certainly stand as an example of the best competitive play thus far shown in this country. He played the nine-hole course four times without having a 40 on his card, going out in 39 and 38 and coming in in 38 and 39, or a total of 154 strokes, lowering the professional record, held by Stewart Gardner, of 157. His opponent was unable to extend him, although it is doubtful if he would have gone any faster in a close match.

The other matches were closer, but no one, of course, equalled Travis's score. Seeley beat Knapp 2 up, Tyng beat Hamilton 1 up, Robbins beat Suydam 6 up and 5 to go, Livingston beat Cochran 3 up and 2 to go, Tappin beat G. E. Watson 3 up and 2 to go, Travis beat Jennings 7 up and 5 to go, Ward beat Watson 4 up and 3 to go, Carnegie beat R. C. Watson 2 up and 1 to go.

In the second round, Seeley beat Tyng 4 up and 1 to go, Livingston beat Robbins 2 up, Travis beat Tappin 8 up and 6 to go, Ward beat Carnegie 3 up and 2 to go.

In the semi-finals, although Ward started off well against Travis, he could not keep up the pace, and the latter wore him down and finally won by 6 up and 4 to play. But the match of the day was that between Seeley and Livingston, for it turned out to be a hard fight all the way. Livingston won the first hole in 5 to 6, then followed five holes halved in good figures in spite of the wind, which was blowing a gale. Seeley won the seventh owing to Livingston scalding his mashie shot into the bunker. On the eighth both tried long puts for three, Seeley just languishing on the edge, but Livingston getting his down. On the next tee, however, Livingston with the honor pulled his drive out of bounds. Then with the next he found the bunker, while Seeley, getting off a good ball, won the hole in 4. As it was 460 yards against the wind, it shows something of the going. This left the score, all even, 9 holes, Seeley doing 41 and Livingston 43.

On the next nine the fight was just as hard. Both got off good drives on the ninth tee, but Livingston sliced his brassie shot and followed it with a poor iron, thus giving Seeley the hole and match.

The morning round between Travis and Seeley in the finals was good golf, and at times exciting.

They halved the first hole in 5, while Seeley took the second on Travis missing a four-foot put. On the next, however, Seeley began pulling and got into the woods. Travis thus evened matters up. They took turns after this in getting into trouble, Travis finishing the first round 1 up, which he gained on the ninth by making it in a good 4 to Seeley's 5. They halved the first two on the second round in rather indifferent golf, and at the end of the morning it was really anybody's match. In the afternoon, however, Travis settled down to a steady game, while Seeley, in trying to make up, pressed and became wilder than ever, so that in the end it was a runaway match for the champion, who finished 7 up and 6 to play, Seeley only getting one hole in the afternoon.

The handicap tournament was won by E. Knapp, with a gross of 166 and net 158.

WALTER CAMP

A New Departure

A New, Effectual and Convenient Cure for Catarrh.

Of catarrh remedies there is no end, but of catarrh cures, there has always been a great scarcity. There are many remedies to relieve, but very few that really cure.

The old practice of snuffing salt water through the nose would often relieve and thus



washes, douches, powders and inhalers in common use are very little, if any, better than the old fashioned salt water douche.

The use of inhalers and the application of salves, washes and powders to the nose and throat to cure catarrh is no more reasonable than to rub the back to cure kidney disease. Catarrh is just as much a blood disease as kidney trouble or rheumatism and it cannot be cured by local treatment any more than they can be.

To cure catarrh, whether in the head, throat or stomach an internal antiseptic treatment is necessary to drive the catarrhal poison out of the blood and system, and the new catarrh cure is designed on this plan and the remarkable success of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is because being used internally, it drives out catarrhal infection through action upon stomach, liver and bowels.

Wm. Zimmerman of St. Joseph, relates an experience with catarrh which is of value to millions of catarrh sufferers everywhere. He says: "I neglected a slight nasal catarrh until it gradually extended to my throat and bronchial tubes and finally even my stomach and liver became affected, but as I was able to keep up and do a day's work I let it run along until my hearing began to fail me and then I realized that I must get rid of catarrh or lose my position as I was clerk and my hearing was absolutely necessary."

"Some of my friends recommended an inhaler, another a catarrh salve but they were no good in my case, nor was anything else until I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and bought a package at my drug store. They benefited me from the start and in less than four months I was completely cured of catarrh although I had suffered nearly all my life from it."

They are pleasant to take and so much more convenient to use than other catarrh remedies that I feel I cannot say enough in favor of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets."

A little book on cause and cure of catarrh will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., and the tablets are sold by all druggists in the United States and Canada.

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HOW TO PREVENT TICKET SPECULATING

By HARRISON GREY FISKE



ized by the city of New York. What are you going to do about it?"

POLITICS IN TICKET "SCALPING"

Possibly the reason why the traffic was originally given this legitimacy is that the speculators are a numerous class; they exercise some political influence, and they have a "pull." They are banded together in an organization which proceeds according to the motto of the "Three Guardsmen": "One for all and all for one." They regularly employ lawyers to look after their interests, and in case of legal contests the organization defrays the expenses of the individual speculator.

Nevertheless, and despite this obstacle to extirpating the imposition which has been raised by the makers of our ordinances, managers who really desire to protect their patrons from the legalized sidewalk swindlers have several effective remedies which they can apply. The late Mr. Daly was never troubled by speculators.

THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS

The law, to begin with, prohibits selling theatre tickets on the sidewalk directly in front of the entrance to a theatre. Speculators who violate this rule can be arrested and, upon conviction, fined. Speculators who annoy patrons with their importunities can be arrested as disorderly persons. Of course, it is not possible to prevent the emissaries of speculators from securing seats at the box-office, as there are no means of identifying all purchasers of small lots of seats. But managers can place agents in front of their theatres to warn intending purchasers from speculators that seats so purchased will not be received at the door, but will be redeemed at the box-office price. Again, if these measures fail, it is possible to use the rather clumsy but decidedly effective method originated by Mr. Daly—that of requiring the name and address of every purchaser of a ticket, issuing a ticket with a private mark of identification, and exchanging it on the night of performance for seat coupons when the holder gives his name and address, which must correspond with that given by the original purchaser.

SPECULATORS ARE SENSITIVE PEOPLE!

Not long ago, a speculator who was endeavoring to ply his trade in front of the Manhattan Theatre, upon seeing two of his companions arrested, came to me and offered to go away, with the promise never to return, provided we would redeem his unsold tickets. This was done, and the speculator thereupon, in a moment of confidence, told me that speculators never desire to operate, and rarely do operate, about theatres where they are not "welcome."

MIMES

MIMES, who for many humors lie in wait, Grave with our gloom, and in our joyance smiling, Far more are ye than puppets for beguiling The idle hour, or flattering fair estate; Your sword of action cleaves our soul's debate; Your passion, Ossa on Pelion piling, Transfigures you to gods before us filing In fancy, the protagonists of Fate.

O players! in your admirable mien, Your lover's grace, your hero-ship borne proudly, We see ourselves; and in the mimic scene Our life's epitome. Thus praise we loudly Our virtues magnified a hundred times, And (in your drama) how we hate our crimes!

HENRY TYRRELL.

Catarrh Can Be Cured.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 547 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.—Ad.



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